

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL.

A despatch from Brainerd, dated Nov. 1st says:

It is said the largest stock shipments in sight and in transit here for any one day on the Northern Pacific, was visible this morning. Miles of cars, including grain shipments, fill the yards. Among the shippers was Sam English, in charge of a large consignment of the Marquis De Mores' cattle, bound out via Duluth. Mr. English, speaking from a wide observation of western Dakota and Montana, says that stock prospects were never so flattering, except in the single fact of a very large per cent. of shortage of the calf crop. This per cent. Mr. English places at 300 calves to 1,000 cows, against the general average of 800 calves to 1,000 cows. The Marquis De Mores' line of Concorda from Modora to the Black Hills is doing a splendid business.

FARGO REPUBLICAN, 28th: Major Fleming reports that he received a letter from Oliver Gibbs, Jr., United States commissioner for Minnesota, this morning, saying that he had arranged for the exhibits of the northwest, including Dakota, Montana and Washington territory, to leave St. Paul from the 10th to the 12th of November by special train and giving notice to Dakota to have her banners flying. The train would go as a special train from St. Paul to New Orleans. It is urged upon all counties in North Dakota to send their exhibits at once. The counties are expected to pack their products properly, and all North Dakota will send them direct to Major R. E. Fleming, Fargo, where they will be placed in cars, and the whole product of North Dakota will leave Fargo in a solid train.

PORTLAND OREGONIAN: The new forms of deeds for lands sold by the Northern Pacific railroad have been received at the office of the general land agent in this city. It is a clean cut warranty deed without any reservations whatsoever. However, should the tract sold adjoin the main line or branches, a deed will be given containing a right of way reservation of 400 feet for any other branch or railroad operated, in whole or part, by the Northern Pacific. By its charter, the Northern Pacific railroad company has a right of way of 400 feet over all lands which belonged to the public domain at the time of the passage of the granting act, namely July 2, 1864, and the government grants to all other railroads a free right of way of 200 feet in width over the public lands. It seems only reasonable, therefore, that the Northern Pacific should reserve to itself the same rights and privileges over its own lands which the government has granted over the public lands. It is understood that the present policy of the company is not to sell any of its lands containing coal, but to lease the mining rights upon royalty. All applications for coal leases are passed upon by the board of directors, on reports made by the general land agent and land commissioner.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean, which has heretofore covered only the southern portion of this territory, is now branching out and in its issue of the 29th publishes a long letter from a staff correspondent from which the following quotation is made:

I cannot but admire the Bismarck boomer, who has taken stock in his extravagant ideas concerning the place or not. His faith in the future of the place commands my respect. This faith is not shown in empty boasting, but in piles of brick and mortar, which have a visionary about them. When a town of less than 5,000 inhabitants takes upon its shoulders the erection of a capitol building costing over a hundred thousand dollars, a penitentiary and other public buildings that will cost another hundred thousand dollars, and presents these to the territory as a free will offering, and then spends other thousands for the accommodation of city and county governments and public schools, I can not but believe that the boomer of Bismarck has the kind of faith that will one day make all his predictions come true for the little town so beautifully located in the hills above the Missouri river. There is not a prettier location for a city in all the country. This is what I said one evening while standing on a high hill a mile to the north, and looking down upon the little city spread out over the lower elevations. It was at sunset and the view was a beautiful one. To the south lay the town, and in the west rolled the Big Muddy. We could see for miles in any direction, and the buttes which lifted their heads twenty-five miles away seemed only a rose the river. The capitol is now a mile from the town on a commanding elevation, which gives it an imposing appearance. Two wings are almost completed and will be occupied this winter. The main streets leading to the capitol are being put to grade and a street railway is already contracted for which promises to be in operation before the meeting of the legislature.

A fine court house and an excellent school building are conspicuous in the town, and a mile to the east is the penitentiary just completed. Business blocks of brick and beautiful residences in every part of the place take away all thought of a frontier town, and the visitor would hardly believe that he was out on the plains 1,000 miles from Chicago. The Bismarck boomer has the right to glory in the past of the little city, and measuring the future by the past there can be little extravagance in the wild predictions made.

The associated press tells us all about Blaine and Cleveland, but there is a dearth of reliable information about Belva Lockwood's run.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Inter Ocean thus speaks of the man whom Lounsbury has been trying to pull down:

I met that prince of Dakota boomers, Alexander McKenzie, a few days ago. He was full of business and enthusiasm over the exhibit of the territory at the World's Fair, and if that does not astonish people who look upon Dakota as a wild region in the frozen north it will be the fault of the residents of the territory, and not their commissioner. He is devoting almost his whole time to this work, and already has an excellent collection of the cereals and vegetables of North Dakota here at Bismarck all ready for shipment to New Orleans. Other depots of Dakota products are at Fargo and Yankton, and Mr. McKenzie expects to "stirle" the world when his train comes together at St. Paul and moves to the south through the Mississippi valley, bearing all the grains and vegetables, together with many of the fruits of that rich region.

As a sample of the surprises in store for the visitors to Dakota's quarters at New Orleans, Mr. McKenzie claims to have a pumpkin grown in central Dakota which is eight feet long, six feet in circumference and weighs 168 pounds. He also has a squash that weighs 150 pounds, and sweet potatoes that weigh all the way from one to ten pounds each; and radishes, which in Illinois grow no larger than a man's finger, have grown to the length of from twelve to twenty inches, and weighing three and four pounds each. Now I did not see all these, but I have Mr. McKenzie's word for the truth of the statement, and that is also backed up by the press of the territory. Who would doubt such evidence? It is a misfortune for Dakota that her commissioner cannot transport to New Orleans a quarter section of the best land to show the soil, and also take down to that southern clime some real Dakota atmosphere, and let them see what a genuine Dakota day is. The brazen liar here is one of the subjects which call for enthusiasm. Mr. McKenzie says the territory has been slandered regarding its cold weather, for he has lived here all his life, and never saw a day so cold that he could not be out most of the time.

THE I. O. ON DAKOTA.

The following is taken from a letter to the Chicago Inter Ocean of the 29th:

The one certain and known quantity in Dakota is the boomer. You will find him wherever you travel in the territory, and he will not for a moment allow you to forget that you are in the land of promise—the wonderland of the northwest. And there is one remarkable thing about the Dakota boomer. It is his power to convince and convert. No one thinks for a moment of questioning the statements made regarding this country. Every word is accepted as gospel truth, and every new arrival is a boomer before he is even a settler. On the train one will hear the wildest statements—stories that would cause Munchausen to stop for a moment and consider whether he had met his equal, and all these will be listened to by men of wide experience with the same interest that children listen to a fairy tale. And who would question the truthfulness of a story when the boomer gives proofs as he proceeds, never stopping for a moment, but always ready with figures, facts, dates, etc., which will make the listener's head swim if he tries to remember the half of them. You might as well try to corner a herd of buffalo on the plains as catch a boomer in a story that he cannot prove to be more than true. He will demonstrate that the soil is the richest in the world by calling attention to a newspaper item about wheat fields producing fifty bushels to the acre, and another giving the dimensions of pumpkins that grow so large that they must be cut up in the fields before they can be loaded on the wagons for removal, and you will no more question these than you would

and his wonderful lamp as you read them in your boyhood. Should Colonel Sellers visit Dakota he would cease to be a phenomenon, for he would find the prairie dotted with the habitations of his brothers, and at every railroad station and on every train he would meet his equal. Indeed, I think he would have to increase his vocabulary if he would keep pace with the men who see millions in every acre of this great northwest empire.

As the boomer is to be found everywhere in the territory, it is not surprising that Bismarck, the capital, should have a few very nary people, and when I see the wild enthusiasm of a not only residents of the territory, but visitors, I am not surprised at the reckless speculation that was indulged in here when the commissioners first located the capital at Bismarck.

There are many other boomers who are ambitious to be considered Mr. McKenzie's rivals, but they have yet to make their reputations, and I shall only quote well established authorities.

But the boomer who is a resident is not more enthusiastic than the new convert, and the man who predicts the greatest future for Bismarck, so far as I have heard, is an old Boston merchant, who was thirty years ago a resident of Chicago, and who still has large business interests in the Garden City. This man is Mr. Mack, whom I met a few evenings ago at a social gathering. I found him a man of intelligence, wide experience, and close observation. Whatever place he visits he makes a close study of its surroundings. This was not his first visit to Bismarck, and his enthusiasm was perhaps not entirely unselfish, as he has considerable property in the city and along the river. He said he first visited Dakota four years ago, with a view to buying land in the Red River valley, but after looking over that part of the territory he concluded not to invest and came farther west along the Northern Pacific route and stopped at Bismarck, a little hamlet of two or three hundred people. He looked over the country, and liking it, invested in land. He had no reason to regret that investment, and believed it one of the best he had ever made.

Mr. Mack believes that the capital city has a future and he gives very good reasons for the faith that is in him. He says he lived in Chicago thirty-three years ago and that city was then not so promising as is Bismarck today. He remembers how eastern men said "at it was the wildest folly to try to build a city on the low land, where everything solid would be buried in the mud. In making Chicago, not only the city but its foundations had to be built. There was no trade and all this had to be attracted. The Illinois Central railroad was built, and other railroads followed before Chicago could be made a market. Few men who lived there thirty years ago even hoped for the city of today. Now, said my Boston boomer,

Bismarck has a brighter future. In the first place, I have noticed that the great cities of the continent are in a belt, and about 500 miles apart. First comes Boston, and from there to New York is 500 miles. From New York it is 500 miles to Buffalo, and from Buffalo the same distance to Chicago. From Chicago it is nearly 500 miles to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and from there to Bismarck is another 500 miles. And there is no probability of a large city being built between this and the Rocky mountains, except Helena, which will be a city like Denver, a mining town. But Bismarck is here in the center of this great agricultural belt, and unlike Chicago in her early days, this little city does not have to attract. Everything gravitates to it. Here is the Missouri river, which I feel sure, with a very little expenditure of money, can be made navigable for large steamers from the Gulf this far north, and above here for 500 miles the river is navigable for the smaller boats. All the trade along the river above here must come to Bismarck. It has no other market. Below it may come. If the river is improved this will be the great distributing point. Then along the river above here a few miles there are large deposits of coal, not such as we get from Pennsylvania, nor even so good as Illinois coal, but very fair, and the river boats now use it. I believe if the mine is developed we will get better coal, and if not, what is now mined is considered good enough for the railroad.

The Northern Pacific is the great connecting link with the East, and there is not a richer agricultural district in the world than surrounds Bismarck. With the seat of government here, and advantages such as no town of its size I ever knew, I don't see why this should not become a great city.

It is easy to see that Mr. Mack is a boomer, but he reasons out his predictions so that I could not but share his enthusiasm and think that the little town is destined to become a city of considerable importance.

With the river furnishing a great water way to the Gulf and all the upper mountain region, and a great steel highway connecting it with the westports on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, why shouldn't it? Then there is no reason why this should not be a manufacturing center, where all the machinery, both agricultural and mining, for this territory and those to the West shall be made.

The flats along the river would make an excellent manufacturing district, and the heights above a beautiful residence locality. There is not, one of the boomers said, a better location for a starch factory on the continent, with potatoes that grow like pumpkins in size, and so many in a hill that there is not room for them in the patch to come to perfection.

It is remarkable how soon the people who come here learn the art of booming. Governor Pierce has learned to talk about Dakota in his short stay, and even with a cold that reduces his voice to a whisper, he will assert that this is the place for all sufferers, for one sniff of the breeze from the prairies will cure all the ills that flesh is heir to. Whether it is because of his ability to boom the territory or not, the governor has become very popular in Bismarck, and no resident of the territory chosen to the place could win more golden opinions than he in the three months of his administration. But there is boom enough in this letter to give me a residence in the territory, and for fear of being accused of invading Paul's field I will retire, firmly impressed with the greatness of the Dakota boomer.

NEWS NOTES.

The largest United States bond issued is the \$50,000 registered bond.

A BALTIMORE girl has become insane because she could not be a man.

THERE are 500 pieces in the \$15,000 china set used at the White House.

NEW YORK shopkeepers say that collections now do not pay for shoe leather.

AN eight weeks' trip to Europe may be made by an unmarried man for \$320.

THE Blaine-Sentinel libel suit at Indianapolis has been set for trial December 23d.

DR. TANNER, of past prominence as an expert starrer, is living on a ranch in Mexico.

MISS MARION LANGDON, the great beauty, will be one of Miss Carrie Astor's six bridesmaids.

A SHEPHERDSVILLE, Ky., colored woman has given birth to twins—the one white and the other black.

If President Arthur marries it will be the first presidential wedding since that of John Tyler in 1842.

A FASTIDIOUS person proposes, instead of designating single ladies as old maids, to call them "bachellettes."

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

IN New York the merchants employ private detectives to watch their employees and report on the lives they follow.

THE number of Quakers in the United States is estimated at less than 100,000. They have a fine college at Richmond, Indiana.

A WESTERN genius has discovered that the girls are so awfully fond of kissing Belva Lockwood because she has such a darling little mustache.

JOHN PHILBRICK, of Seabrook, N. H., is ninety-three years old and blind, and still shaves himself with a razor he purchased seventy-five years ago.

ONE election bet will make every one happy. If Cleveland is elected she will marry him; if Blaine is elected he will marry her. It is a sure thing either way.

A LADY who came over from Europe last week, met an Englishman on board the steamer who said he expected to see all there was worth seeing in America in the space of one week.

GEN. GRANT, in writing his autobiography, says that the things he remembers most vividly are those of his early life, and that the Mexican war seems more distinct to him than the rebellion.

MARIETTA STOWE, Belva Lockwood's companion in political tribulation, has been in politics before. She was once nominated for governor of California, and also for school director in San Francisco.

A CAR load of cocoanuts were shipped into southern Indiana last week, and the Democrats have reported that the Republicans are going to intimidate voters by surrounding the polls with hand-grenades.

A YOUNG lady in south Georgia inserts the following advertisement in a local paper: "Wanted, by a young lady not 30, a husband, to be bachelor, widower or dude. I am good looking, weigh 110 pounds, can cook, wash and iron."

FASHIONABLE society in Philadelphia proposes to distinguish itself, by big receptions the coming winter. Already there is a great demand among private families for pale, effeminate, featured young men with banged hair for the occasions.

THE Yankton Press and Dakotian suggests the following paragraph as appropriate to appear in all papers after election: "The campaign has closed, and if we have said anything we are sorry for, we are glad of it, and willing to forgive everybody."

"NELLIE ANDERSON," the Philadelphia girl who was let off for horse stealing last year, because she claimed to be the daughter of a Maine judge, has just been caught stealing horse blankets. She has been up for drunkenness several times since her first arrest and was once sent to the house of correction.

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "are you all ready?"

"Yes," replied the customer.

"Well, just keep your eye on that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the wall which read, "Positively No Credit," "and look pleasant."

CARL PRETZEL'S WEEKLY: The man who stubbornly refuses to take a personal interest in the affairs of the community in which he resides, is just about as serviceable as an old boot leg which has been divorced from the sole, for he is uppermost in his own selfish thoughts, and wholly devoid of proper understanding.

THE Irish World of Nov. 1 is one of the strongest Republican campaign publications ever issued in this country. It contains among other matter, facsimiles of the editorial comments in English newspapers upon the nomination of Blaine and Cleveland, also strong caricatures and original articles of much merit. Patrick Ford, the editor, has done good work for the Republican party in this campaign.

BROOKLYN TIMES: A Gates avenue husband stumbled into the house at 3 a. m., and finding his spouse sitting up for him, but fast asleep, it flashed through his beery brain to retire quietly, which he did, without awaking her. He had fairly got into the bed when she awoke and turning to her dressing case prepared to do so, remarking: "Won't I give it to that old hog when he comes home." To which he replied: "Not necessary, my dear, the old hog is home."

Jamestown Alert: The friends of H. N. Johnson Nickens should remember that the bolting of the Capital which pretended all along to be his strong friend has to some extent injured his cause in other parts of the district, and the people of this county owe it to him and themselves to give him a rousing majority next Tuesday. Mr. Nickens is loyal and energetically supporting the entire legislative ticket as well as the county ticket nominated by the recent Republican county convention, has no part in nor sympathy with bolting movements whatever, and he should have the undivided support and vote of the party throughout the district. While we have no doubt of his election, we desire to urge the people to not neglect to come out to the polls and vote for him because they think his election is sure.

A WEALTHY Pennsylvania farmer named Stoneback, who lived in Stone-town at the foot of Eagle mountain, was generally just in his dealings and paid all his debts religiously except his taxes, which he allowed to get in arrears. The collector had threatened to seize and sell enough of his property to square him up on the county books, and appointed a date for a last visit before the seizure. Stoneback's wife and children tried to persuade him to pay and be done with it, but he obstinately refused to listen to them. He did not believe in taxes and hated tax collectors. The collector came on time and Stoneback, refusing to see him, ran to the barn in a rage. Shooting was soon heard in the barn and Stoneback was found with his head nearly all blown off. He left a large farm, a widow and house full of children, twenty head of horses and thirty cows, and his taxes unpaid. He said he would never pay another cent of taxes while he lived and he kept his word.

AN ARMY OF SPIES.

The Fundamental Principles of Russia's Political Police System.

Intrigues and Plots by Which Soudaikin Gained Ascendancy—Money, Arguments, Menaces and Persuasion.

[St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.] Soudaikin consistently followed his policy of weakening the enemy by demoralization. He never aspired to the honor of exterminating the revolutionists. He knew full well that this was impossible, that they were the inevitable outcome of the existing order of things. Indeed, it is questionable whether he wished for their total suppression. Often, in moments of confidential expansion, he would exclaim that some men must be allowed to go free so as to perpetuate the race, or else the police would be left without means of subsistence. He did not want to destroy the revolutionists, but simply sought to render them weaker than the police by checking their efforts to become an organized force.

To guide him in this warfare, Soudaikin laid down as a fundamental principle, not only that there should be as few honest persons as possible, but that it was equally important to obliterate the belief in honesty. He therefore sought to implant by every means the conviction that honesty was merely a question of price. It was necessary, he maintained, that the scandal should cease to be ashamed of his infamy, and that it should be quite impossible for an honest man to make others believe in his incorruptibility.

Soudaikin made it a rule to invite everyone he met to become a spy. It was of comparatively little consequence to him whether the proposal was accepted or indignantly refused. Whatever might happen, he did not consider his labor lost. All overtures made by the police to an honest man rendered less conspicuous those negotiations which had been crowned with success. Outsiders also became more and more embarrassed in their efforts to distinguish between friend or foe. At last the public would become habituated to the idea that it was but natural for an independent man to hold conversations with officials belonging to the secret police.

For similar reasons Soudaikin did not hesitate to throw away money on persons who were evidently deceiving the police. From Soudaikin's point of view, it did not much matter. He wanted people to become accustomed to accepting money from the police. This was his political purpose, and it was considered a success when men took money, even though they did not act as spies. Such transactions further confused the spectators, rendering it more and more difficult to say who was a spy and who was not. It further enabled real spies to pretend that they were merely receiving the police, so as to extort money from the authorities. It must also be acknowledged that these methods were most successful. Demoralization spread rapidly, tainting society and even the young and enthusiastic university students. At one time, for instance, over fifty students of St. Petersburg were in receipt of salaries from the police. Among them were some so-called honest people—that is to say, students who took the money, but did not serve the police.

Soudaikin also willingly paid false spies, who, while denouncing their friends to him, were careful to first warn those whom they were about to betray. Nor did the fact that persons revealed to the revolutionists all the police secrets they were able to discover after Soudaikin's policy. These double traitors are useful in their way. In the first place, they sometimes unintentionally gave information, and always served as a good covering for the faithful and true spies. Secondly, they were useful in circulating among the public false or useful information to which the police deemed it advisable to give publicity. In such cases the police would pretend to be especially confidential. This means, for instance, was employed by Skandrakoff when Soudaikin was anxious that the revolutionists denounced by Janeczewski in his confessions should have time to escape, so that their arrest would not add to the popularity of a rival, the public prosecutor, Dobrinski. Moreover, all persons receiving money were being gradually corrupted, and a very large proportion ended by becoming true spies.

To increase his army of spies Soudaikin employed every means—money, arguments, menaces, and persuasion. It was his custom to invite innumerable persons to see him, not for any definite purpose, but for the sake of a little conversation. On these occasions he would generally commence operations by assuming a theoretical discussion, and represented himself as an adherent of The Thierry Perediel, the newspaper which advocated social and even socialist reform in agricultural matters, but was opposed to any idea of revolution. Soudaikin then often asserted that he was a Democrat "just as the czar himself was," and that he never pretended to mere propaganda. If anyone was bold enough to place him face to face with facts diametrically opposed to such statements, he met the difficulty by offering, as a proof of his Democratic sympathies, 1,000 rubles to his contractor if he would revive The Thierry Perediel.

Subsequently he proceeded to complain bitterly against the will of the people party, who, by instituting the terrorist regime, had prevented the government from carrying out its good intentions. The guest, fearful of compromising himself, as a rule professed ignorance of such questions, and declared he belonged to no party. But, a few weeks later, Soudaikin generally invited him again, and inquired whether his opinions had taken a new shape. Either at this or an earlier stage the visitor, not daring to defend the revolutionary party, usually inferred that he agreed with Soudaikin's view. Thereupon the latter gave vent to the sentiments of a citizen and patriot. "If you really belong to our side, then you are bound to help us. If you understand all the evil occasioned by the terrorists it is your duty to counteract them," and he followed such declamations by proposing to employ his visitor as a spy, or suggested some intermediary work leading more gradually to this end. If, however, arguments failed, Soudaikin did not hesitate to employ force.

Soudaikin by creating wholesale distrust certainly weakened the enemy; but he also deprived himself of the possibility of distinguishing the men on whom he could count. Though possessed of great facilities and a keen perception of human weaknesses, he was in one respect absolutely blind. He utterly failed to realize the terrible force that conscience can exert; how strangely and powerfully it will awaken the soul even of a fallen man, how far it can carry him on the road to repentance, and, above all, how it may fill him with burning hatred toward the author of his fall. For Soudaikin this awakening of conscience was the greatest of all dangers, and it was precisely the one peril which he never anticipated. He knew that conscience was a double-edged sword, and relied solely on his own cleverness and on elaborate precautions for self-protection, but he could not conceive the possibility of self-sacrifice for conscience sake on the part of men he believed to be thoroughly corrupt. Hence he was completely taken by surprise when Degeeff raised his hand against him; and he had not even the presence of mind to draw his revolver. Soudaikin died by the treachery which he considered the best of allies, and at the hands of his most trusted agent.

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

[Washington Hatchet.] Across the meadows of the Not We chase the grasshopper When And hunt the fitness of the What Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness We track the crafty Where: We spear the Ergo tough, and beard The Ego in his lair.

With lassos of the brain we catch The lances of the Wisest And in the copes of the Whence We learn the Think-less buzz.

We climb the slippery Which-Lark tree To watch the Whimsical rhymer And pause betimes for gnostic rhymes To woo the Over-soul.

IT WON'T BE A MATCH.

A Mile and a Half of Lead Pipe—An Esthetic Woman. [Detroit Free Press.]

A man whose hair and whiskers were plentifully sprinkled with gray was in the city yesterday to see about buying a large quantity of lead pipe. When he asked how much a mile and a half of a certain size would cost, the dealer stood off and looked at him in amazement.

"Oh! I ain't bony," replied the man. "But what can you want of a mile and a half of this pipe, costing you many hundred dollars?"

"See here," replied the other, as he took a chair and became confidential, "I'm a widower."

"I'm thinking of taking a second wife. She does on a front yard. I've got the yard. She does on lawn ornaments. I've been around pricing stone dogs, cast-iron deer and terra-cotta rabbits till you can't rest. She does on fountains. That's why I want the pipe."

"But why so much of it?"

"Because I've got to run the pipe to a spring on a hill a mile and a half away."

When he had explained how much fall he had the dealer told him that he couldn't get fountain enough to dampen a sunflower.

"You're not so quick to it, eh?"

"No."

"Won't squirt a foot high?"

"No, sir, not an inch."

"Well, no fountain, no marriage. She's sot on that. I'll go back and offer to fill the yard with daisy ducks and conch-shells, and put stained glass windows in the horse-barn, but I reckon the match is off. I've offered to get a force-pump and hire a cow by the year to work it, but she says it wouldn't be picturesque. Might build a daisy on legs and let the water play through a fountain, but she is so romantic. I can't do no more, and if she insists on a fountain with a squirt to it I'll look around for some one else—somebody who don't want Corinthian columns under the corn-crib and a Grecian facade to the pig-pen."

Dinner and Algebra.

[Boston Globe.]

A pale man with a high forehead came into Booge's restaurant the other day, sat down at a table, and ordered his dinner. Then he took out of his pocket a large diagram apparently covered with unintelligible signs and algebraic formula, and fastened it with a pin upon the wall where he could easily observe it. When his dinner came he looked it over attentively and then turned to a profound contemplation of his figures. After a while he began to eat, but with a great deal of caution and reserve, as though he was afraid of making a mistake or suspected the biscuit of concealing a snag. Frequently he paused between bites and his lips moved as if in prayer. The latter illusion was dispelled, however, by the indistinct pronunciation of the name of a numeral. He was evidently counting. He chewed with his eyes fixed upon the equations of the diagram. There was a pale bluish tinge about his face and he looked bilious. His neighbor at the table pitched his chair a little further away and placed his hat where he could seize it at a moment's notice. He suspected the newcomer of being a lunatic. Suddenly the stranger caught his eye, stared, and inadvertently swallowed his food. He seemed to be very much put out by the occurrence.

"Why do you look at me that way?" he demanded. "Do you think I am peculiar?"

"Well, I think your manner is a little odd," ventured the other.

"Not at all, sir," responded the stranger emphatically. "I'm dyspeptic and my digestion is in a bad way. I have just learned of Mr. Gladstone's rules for regulating mastication so as to be in the highest degree facilitate digestion. I have adopted his system of thirty-two chews to a piece of steak, fourteen to a cold potato, etc., only I have improved on it. What was before crude is systematic and theoretical. It is the combination of what puzzles me. They will not when I get a cut to it. Is the explanation sufficient?" It was, and in a few moments more the scholarly dyspeptic was plunged in the intricacies of a profound mathematical problem.

The Mule and the Boy.

[German Town Telegraph.]

A boy, apparently very much agitated, rushed into a house, recently, and said to the lady:

"I don't want ter alarm yer, but I've got big news. The man sent me up from the livery stable to tell yer."

"Good heavens, what is it?"

"Why yer know yer little boy, Aleck, what the man can't keep outen the livery stable 'round the corner?"

"Yes, well?"

"I told Aleck just now not to go inter the stable among the horses, but he wouldn't mind me."

"O, dear! what has happened?"

"He said he wanted to see what a mule would do when yer tickled its heels with a straw."

"O heavens!" grasped the lady, and clung to the mantle for support.

"Well, sir, yer boy Aleck got a straw, snuck up behind a sorrel mule, tickled him on the heels an'—"

The lady started for the door.

"An' the blamed critter never lifted a hoof," called the boy. "Never as much as switched its tail. It's a mighty good thing for Aleck that he didn't, too; an' I thought I'd come up an' tell yer." And he dodged out at the side entrance.

For the "Conscience Fund."

There was received at the postoffice department recently a 2-cent stamp inclosed in a perfunctory note. The sender, who signed himself "Sweet Sixteen," writes that she inadvertently used a canceled stamp upon a letter that found its destination, and she cautions the post office officials to be more careful in the future.

Gratifying.

[Boston Transcript.]

The success of Maud S. is another gratifying evidence of the final triumph of Maud S. merit.

Bill Nye: Parties in need of glowing press opinions for lecture or show business winter will do well to address the subscriber, enclosing navy blue postal money-order and an unlicked postage-stamp for reply.

NORTHERN PACIFIC TIME CARD

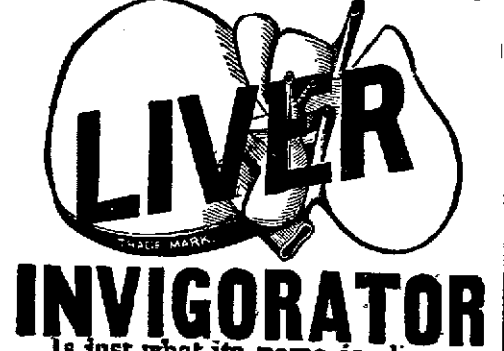
PACIFIC EXPRESS.
(Going West.)
Ar. Bismarck 11:45 a.m. Ar. Mandan 12:10 p.m.
Lv. " 11:50 a.m. " 12:15 p.m.

MISSOURI RIVER EXPRESS.
(Going West.)
Ar. Bismarck 6:25 p.m. Ar. Mandan 6:50 p.m.
Lv. " 6:30 p.m. " 6:55 p.m.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS.
(Going East.)
Lv. Mandan 4:50 p.m. Ar. Bismarck 5:10 p.m.
Lv. " 5:15 p.m. " 5:35 p.m.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS EXPRESS.
(Going East.)
Lv. Mandan 9:10 a.m. Ar. Bismarck 9:30 a.m.
Lv. Bismarck 9:35 a.m. " 9:55 a.m.

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2 CAPITAL PRIZES	10,000
2 PRIZES OF	6,000
10 PRIZES OF	2,000
10 PRIZES OF	1,000
20 PRIZES OF	500
100 PRIZES OF	200
500 PRIZES OF	50
1,000 PRIZES OF	25
1,000 PRIZES OF	10

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THE BLONDE MAN

With a Jolly Red Nose, Tells of His Tribulations.

All on Account of an Unfortunate Complexion—An Argument with a Sarcastic Wife—Appearances Against Him.

(George W. Peck in Peck's Sun.)
"Have a drink?" said a saloon rounder to a blonde man with a red nose who came in to sample the free lunch.

"No thanks, I do not drink," said the red-nosed man.

"Well, then, I would take in the sign," and the saloon rounder and all his friends laughed. The blonde man sat down with the fellow who laughed at him, and after feeling of his nose, said:

"Gentlemen, that red nose and face of mine is more trouble than all my wealth. I am a temperate man, and never drink intoxicating liquors at all, and yet every time I go out fishing I get sunburned so that I carry a red nose for a month, and it would be hard to convince anybody that I was not a regular old toper. My intimate friends are constantly being asked if I do not 'steam it' pretty bad, and it takes a good deal of their time to stand up for me and deny that I am a drunkard. People are sorry for my wife and children, and love to look upon me as a faithful evidence of what strong drink does for a man; fathers tell their children to beware of the wine cup when I go by, and point to my nose. I tell you, boys, it is pretty tough for a man who has not drunk a drop for years, and don't want to drink, to be looked upon as a drunkard."

"My wife is one of those sarcastic women who never spoil a good story for relation's sake. One night I attended a Scotch banquet where they had Scotch whisky. You know how it smells. Well, some of it got on the table, and I brushed my sleeve in it, but I did not drink a drop. When I got home, a little after midnight, my key would not work in the door, the first time it ever failed to work, and I had to ring the bell. My wife came down in her ascension robe and opened the door, and she insisted that I had not the key in the keyhole at all. To show her that the key would not work, I held the door open and tried the key, and I hope to die it did not work all right. Of course I blushed, and my nose was redder than ever, and my wife said, in her peculiar tone, 'Faints often work that way on men. Some of our best citizens can't find a keyhole when they come home from a banquet.'"

"I tried to argue with my wife, there in the hall, and explain to her that she did me at injustice, but she got a small of that Scotch whisky on my sleeve, and while she knew that I would cut my arm off before I would drink, she said if it was not whisky she smelled then she never smelled whisky. I was so disgusted that I went up stairs to retire, but when I went to pull my boots off I saw I could not get them off. It was a pair of new tight boots that I only wear to weddings and banquets, and as I tugged and pulled, my face got redder than ever, and my wife looked at me with that calm look, as though she actually thought I was drunk when she knew better. She told me I could try a newspaper on the bed to put my feet on, and sleep with my boots on, adding, 'Some of our best citizens occasionally went to bed with their boots on.' To cap the climax I was taken sick at the stomach, and from something I had eaten at the banquet, and some of Scotch pudding that I was not acquainted with, but which a Scotch friend who sat next to me induced me to eat. That settled it and my wife held up her hands in horror and said, 'Mercy on us, what will come next?' She added that she hoped it would be my boots that came next, so I could retire."

"I was mad, then. It was aggravating, but I woke up the coachman to pull my boots off, when I explained to him that it was a pair of new boots that I wore to the banquet, he laughed and said it was all right. He said the last man he worked for he had pulled his boots off every night, and he didn't think anything of it, because he knew how at was with the boys. Dear me, I could have murdered the coachman, but I suppose I should not blame him. And do you know, my wife heard the conversation with the coachman, and she just rolled up in bed, and when I came to bed she said, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not, look not upon the Scotch whisky when it is hot, for at last you can't find the key-hole, and you can't get your boots off.' And then she asked me if I hadn't just as soon hang my plug hat up on the porch, because it would go all muddled up if I slept with it on. Bless me if I hadn't forgot to take my hat off, the first time I ever cut such a caper in my life. Then I tried to laugh, and you know how silly a man looks when he tries to laugh a forced laugh, and he feels more like crying."

"Well, my wife kept poking fun at me till I got to sleep, and dreamed I was one of those distillery worms that they rectify spirits through, and in the morning I found that I had my vest on. I think my wife put that vest on me just to have fun. I asked her if she actually thought I drank, and while she knows I did not, she said she only judged from appearances. I was going to go and hang myself, but I thought if I did the papers would say I had committed suicide after a long debauch, from remorse at my conduct, so I didn't. Boys, I would give all I am worth if my face could be as pale as some of you drunkards who are full all the time. What would you advise me to do?" and the poor, red-faced blonde sighed and drank a glass of mineral water.

One of the boys advised him to use face powder, another suggested joining a temperance lodge, and the others were about giving advice when the temperance man rushed out of the saloon suddenly, ran over a woman who was passing and was arrested by a policeman for being drunk and disorderly.

Such Crochery Notions.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]
The night was dark, cloudy and romantic as he stood under her window at the parents' mansion. A rope, clock full of elopement, stretched from the window to the ground. Softly the sash was raised, and her angel face appeared at the casement.

"Is everything ready?" she whispered in his ear—cane, box-set voice.

"Yes," he responded in the same theatrical tones.

"Have you the horse and buggy at the corner, a dark lantern, two revolvers, and a double-barreled shotgun?"

"Yes, yes," he replied; "everything is arranged. Slide down."

"And have you hired two men to chase us?"

"Why, no; where's your father?"

"O, pa won't take the trouble. Haven't you the two men engaged?"

"Why, no. What do you want to be chased by?"

"If that's all you know about an elopement I'm not going," and she shut the window down with bang and went to bed, while the old man, who was peering through the first-floor blinds, muttered: "Confound such crochery notions! I suppose I'll have to coax up the two men myself."

VINCARDO AND BEATRICE.

Shakespearean Description of the Raptures of a Modern Wooing.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Last night, Andromeda, heard I Vincardo and Beatrice too?"

"Coo, said'st thou, cavalier?"

"Coo, pretty carper, cool?"

"That hints of doves, Sir Smister, an' I be sworn there were some grosser fowl more like that dowdy twain."

"Sith it were love they prattled of, sweet cackler, and doves be poets' symbols of that same, 'tis coo that dovetails with me tale's intent. An' fore the gods, Andromeda, there is a mushy flavor to the work that much belies the matter to their speech."

"So, boy? That fits supremely well me measure of Vincardo and this wanton Marcia, and I will hold mine ear to catch thy tell. Wag me the tale, Sir Sirius!"

"An' thou dost dog me to it, I will. Just I the glooming spell, when yester' saw me scale the Marcia wall, 'mid latticed quiet, where the woodbine folds its dainty tendrils 'bout an arched grove, I saw these silly folk in sweet communion. The sapling knight did somehow serpentine her girdle's rim, and while her head did socket towards his neck, his largest ear did overhang the minx and lap up answer to his lip's lush."

"Oh, what a pose were there, my countryman! Now ay the lies the lunatic did lap!"

"Why, girl, the first faint whisper that befell was such as titled her his 'sweet white swan.'"

"Please Providence defend the bird! Had he said 'swine' the rogue would hint, at least, of closer kinship. And then, Henrico?"

"Then, eager one, he said she was 'his tiny toadlet, tripping upon his heart with tinkling feet, each tender toetlet timing its tap with some transcendent tune.'"

"O, lord of lollipop! This doth out-mellow me. And then, trite tattler?"

"Then sampled he her features, maid, and quoth, 'thy lips are paradisaic peaches grown from some most beautiful blossom wherefrom no bee hath ever sipped the luscious hydromel that now doth lave me sense with taste of Heaven.'"

"Ingynons and ipeccat! Brought this no quail?"

"Quail, quizzing queen? She quaffed the sap with look of a chick that chews a sugar-plum, and burrowing deeper 'neath his neck's recess, did faintly twitter of surpassing bliss, and wondered if some angel's azure vault yearned not to swap conditions with her."

"Enough, Henrico! This doth revert me so to that soft season when we first did woo, that if thou longer pratst I'll think me yet again the same soft gumpdrom, and thee the olden caramel that was our wont to sweeten each other with."

Steaming Across an Italian Lake.
[Como Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]
I left by steamboat for Porlezza, which is at the east end of the lake. From Porlezza you take a façade to Menaggio, on the lake of Como. The steamer is a German-built, single-decked iron craft, with an awning over the quarter-deck for the cabin passengers. There is a hole down below somewhere which is euphemistically called the "cabin," but those who have ever tried the "cabins" of the very much larger and more commodious steamers of the same type that cross from Dover to Calais will understand what sort of a den is meant. Steamboat accommodation, in the American sense of the term, is quite unknown in Europe.

Lake Logan is of a dark green color, smooth and profound. Precipitous hills overlook it, the sun glances upon it through their peaks, and silence reigns everywhere, except when broken by the tiny paddles of the boat or the knell of some distant campanile. Many of the hills are terraced with grapes grown on arbors, the terraces being walled up with stone. I counted as many as twenty to thirty terraces on some of the hills. Little stone-and-plaster houses are perched everywhere, on crags, on little flats, more often on the water side, in groups forming a village. Most of them are calcium red with gray colors, and some have religious paintings, the whole width of the front or side wall. On most of the hills there are no terraces and there is no cultivation. If you wish to find a cultivated patch look for a village—two are inseparable. Where the cultivated houses are there is no cultivation.

The peasants have Gallic faces and hair, and appear to be clean, healthy and well-to-do—exceptional facts in this country and due possibly to the profitable patronage of tourists. Many of the rowboats on the lakes are worked by women. Clothes-washing is done on the lake shore, the women kneeling down to a smooth board, on which they rub the clothes and afterwards slap them flat. The entire costume is a cotton gown and banana handkerchief. The young girls are quite fresh looking, fair in complexion and pretty, but ignorant and coarse.

He Earns His Salary.

[New York Sun.]
Rev. W. P. David is the supply preacher of the Neversink flats, Hurleyville and Fallsburg Methodist churches, Sullivan county. He lives at Phillipsport. In order to keep his appointments for service he leaves home at 3:30 Sunday morning. His first appointment is at Neversink flats, twenty-one miles distant. He must be there at 9:30 in the morning to hold Sunday-school. After that he holds church service until 11:30, and then a class meeting of an hour. He does not wait dinner, but eats a lunch as he travels. He goes from Neversink flats to Hurleyville, a distance of eight miles, where he preaches at 2:30, and holds a class meeting at the close of the regular service. His next place in Fallsburg, four miles further on, where he gets supper before opening service in the evening at 7:30. This meeting lasts until 9 o'clock, when the preacher starts for home, twelve miles away, arriving there about midnight. He travels forty-five miles in the circuit. He is paid \$200 a year for his services; the circuit being in the wilds of Sullivan and his people unable to pay more.

Nothing Like Onions.

[Chicago Times.]
A few years ago what is now the great onion tract of Chester, in Orange county, New York, was a worthless piece of land. To day it would bring readily \$1,000 an acre. Last season on these meadows 130,000 bushels of onions were grown, which were sold for more than \$135,000. This season's crop will be even larger. There are no other equally large onion tracts in the country.

Statistically Safe.

[Chicago Journal.]
The Massachusetts bureau of statistics states that in 1878 the chance of a person's being killed on or by steam cars was one in 5,026,281, while in 1882 it had diminished to one in 20,927,034. This is less than the chance of being struck by lightning, and much less than that of being injured by a kerosene lamp explosion.

Darwin's Dads.

[Philadelphia Call.]
Monkeys in South Africa cut canes of spice wood and suck the ends, yet some people do not believe in Darwin.

White's Times: Honesty, like gold, is rare and used to plate base metals.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

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The WEEKLY TRIBUNE has a large and rapidly increasing circulation throughout the country, and is a desirable sheet through which to reach the farmers and residents of the small towns remote from railroad lines.

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The general advertising agent of the TRIBUNE is A. F. Richardson, with headquarters at Boom & Tribune Building, New York.

Friends of the TRIBUNE visiting Fargo will find this paper on file at the office of G. J. Brady, general freight and passenger agent, Fargo & Southern railway, Continental hotel.

THE LOCAL VICTORY.

The victory of the People's ticket in Burleigh county yesterday is significant in more ways than one. The contest was waged upon the plain issue of sustaining or downing McKenzie, and such was the only sentiment voiced by the coterie who nominated and manipulated the opposition ticket. The real issue was not whether McKenzie should be continued as sheriff, but whether the people should, by re-electing him, approve of his labors in behalf of the territory of Dakota and her capital city. No man had done more for his friends, his constituency and his country than he. Such is human nature, however, that no sooner does a person succeed in politics or business, than he is immediately attacked by a horde of ambitious, selfish and revengeful aspirants for honors that they cannot gain for themselves. McKenzie has proved no exception to the rule. A few persons envied Mr. McKenzie his position as a political leader, and were so puffed up by egotism and false pride as to imagine that they could usurp the throne of political power and crown themselves heroes and reformers. They girded up their loins with ingratitude and sought to affirm the personal slanders that have emanated from the South Dakota ring of disappointed and defeated politicians and public plunderers. What has been the result? Out of nearly 1,500 votes cast in Burleigh county, without any special electioneering or solicitation of votes, Mr. McKenzie received over 1,300. This is Burleigh county's expression of her confidence in Mr. McKenzie and an acknowledgment of gratitude for noble deeds and works that none other could have performed. The victory is complete and satisfactory. The opposition was literally snowed under, and the TRIBUNE believes that the majority would have been as great had every county in the territory been permitted to vote upon the issue. The People's or TRIBUNE ticket entire was elected, and the verdict sent forth to the territory at large that Burleigh county is loyal to her friends and has no sympathy for mongrels and ingrates who would build up their own fortunes upon the ruins of the good work of others. This is glory enough for one day. Every man on the People's ticket has been elected by a good majority.

ADVICES up to midnight indicate about the following status of affairs in this, the Ninth legislative district: Gifford has an overwhelming majority. Nickens, republican, for the council, has carried every county in the district. Richardson, republican, has been out in Griggs, Stutsman and Kidder counties, in the east end of the district, and Bellows, democrat, has carried the west Missouri region by about 850. Burleigh county is practically solid in this respect in the banner county of the district. Stevens, of Griggs, for the house, has been out somewhat in Griggs, Stutsman and Kidder, and Steele has been out in Foster, Griggs and slightly in a few other counties. However, he will pull through, as will every other candidate on the republican ticket. Had not Burleigh county sustained her record for standing solid and voting solid for her friends, this victory would not have been brought about. Neighboring counties will doubtless profit by this legislative fight.

FARGO ARGUS: The Chicago Tribune discusses at length the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in the various wheat sections. The question is one it believes to be of very great practical importance if, as generally conceded, the production of the great staple has outgrown the demand. The process of readjusting the conditions to the new phase is naturally a slow one and entered upon reluctantly by farmers. In England the cost of production is put at \$35 an acre, while the products at the prices this year was worth but \$25. This involves the loss of \$10 an acre and of course will compel the growth of substitutes for wheat, unless there is an early advance that would seem to be permanent. The information received by The Tribune from the wheat districts in the states is that the cost of an acre in wheat is from \$9 to \$10. At a yield of fifteen bushels per acre the returns are below the cost. The farmer cannot afford to continue the process. He must reduce the wheat average and find something to take the place. The same authority quotes a bonanza farmer in Dakota as

placing his average yield at twenty bushels an acre, at a cost of about forty cents a bushel. This is believed to be the minimum, and rather under the cost of the small farmer, who cannot buy his supplies and conduct the operation at wholesale figures. The conclusion is that in Dakota wheat can be grown more cheaply than in any other part of the country, but still the present figures as a permanency would not be encouraging. In the southern counties stock raising and flax are receiving rapidly growing attention. They will take the place of wheat to a great extent evidently. That wheat will appreciate in price seems an inevitable conclusion of reduced acreage. The farmer who is able to produce the finest quality of grain at the lowest cost has the foreground for the future. The fact that in many sections other industrial interests are likely to supplant the great bread producer, only enlarges and enriches the opening for the farmer of North Dakota.

A PIERRE special telegram dated November 4, to the St. Paul Dispatch says: "Surveyors started out today to run a line from this city up the Missouri valley to Bismarck. It will be called the Sioux Falls, Fairbanks & Western. The general course of this line will be nearly through the central portions of Sully, Potter, Walworth, Campbell, Emmons and Burleigh counties to Bismarck. It will probably strike the Missouri river at a few points, but the object is to build through the interior of the counties as much as possible. The road will undoubtedly be built next season and will be operated in connection with other lines across the territory."

"Should a young man put his arm around a young lady or ask to kiss her before they are engaged to be married?" writes an anxious inquirer. Well, that depends. The subject is a very important one. If her father wears a No. 10 boot, if the old gentleman belonged to a football nine in his youth, if her mother knows the rolling pin drill, or if the young man has been eating onions, are all subjects of the deepest consideration. There is no harm in doing these things after marriage, though the custom is not much in vogue.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

RETURNS have been received from all but three precincts in Burleigh county, which show 985 votes for McKenzie, for sheriff, and 299 votes for Lounsberry. Sterling precinct will probably give about 25 for Lounsberry and 15 for McKenzie. Stewartdale, 30 for McKenzie and 10 for Lounsberry, and Southmayd 10 solid for McKenzie. This will make the total for McKenzie 1,040; Lounsberry, 334. The full returns will be tabulated for tomorrow's paper.

A DISPATCH was received last evening by E. S. Neal from J. H. Manley, postmaster at Augusta, Maine, stating that the republicans have carried New York, Indiana, Virginia, West Virginia, and elected Blaine. This coming from Blaine's adjutant, who has accompanied Blaine on his recent tour, with the very latest information at hand, is at least encouraging and will take many out of the line of doubters.

THE boards of registration having failed to do their duty, but few voters found their names registered yesterday. The result was that much loss of time and annoyance was caused, and some becoming disgusted left the polls without voting. At least 200 legal voters in Bismarck did not vote.

It is rumored that Jimmy Emmons himself placed the tumble weeds about his print shop, intending, if the People's ticket won, to set the whole business on fire and run away by the light of it. Just what induced him to change his mind does not appear.

J. C. HOLLEBAEK made a good fight, an honorable fight, but the president of the so-called Burleigh County Reform association was too big a load for him, to say nothing of Emmons' endorsement and those other fellows.

HOLLEBAEK could hardly expect success, with Bragg and others on the ticket working "splits" with Hollebaek and others scratched.

MISSISSIPPI has ten counties in which there are no inhabitants. These are the "back counties" which all parties wait for after an election.

Let's see, wasn't Colonel Lounsberry running for sheriff or saphin' in Burleigh county?

TO EXCHANGES: Remember that "Now the smoke of battle having cleared away," etc.

PHILADELPHIA CALL: We would suggest as new head lines to replace "Births," "Marriages" and "Deaths," "Yells," "Bells" and "Knells."

THE country, as a whole, is a long distance from poverty. During last month the public debt was decreased by over \$8,000,000.

WHEN Burleigh county goes for anything she goes in to win. The success of the republican legislative ticket in this district may be attributed to the "unanimous" feeling existing in this county,

"Weak-kneed" counties, whose politics are run by trimmers and men with lightning rods up their backs never accomplish much for themselves or the general commonwealth.

THE Mandan Pioneer says that Mr. Carr, candidate for sheriff in Morton county was beaten because of the work he done last spring. Just what the nature of this work was the TRIBUNE does not pretend to know, but the TRIBUNE does know that Mr. Carr was candidate for sheriff on the straight Republican ticket, that he has worked for his republican friends unflinchingly ever since he has been in Mandan, and that in return for this he should have been supported by them at this election. And the TRIBUNE knows further that Mr. Carr was defeated because he stubbornly refused to cut his friends on the republican ticket and join the Bellows crowd. He fought Bellows all day, and in doing so Mr. Carr has placed his name prominently in the minds of all good republicans in the district. The republican nominees for the legislature were outrageously out in Morton county, and Morton county republicans will be held responsible for it. It is hardly possible that such men as Long, Wheeler, Boley and Coe had anything to do with this piece of political treachery, but it has been done, all the same, and some one is to blame. If Mandan had a few more such tramps and political trimmers as Tuttle, of the Pioneer, all hope for future better behavior would vanish. The TRIBUNE hopes and believes that Tuttle will be set down upon in the near future.

A DISPATCH from New York, of the 5th, says: "The marriage of President Arthur with Miss Frelinghuysen has been arranged, and will take place at Washington during the month of January. At Newark, the home of the Frelinghuysens, the belief had been general for several months that the marriage was contemplated, but as the months have rolled on without the formal announcement, and as Miss Frelinghuysen was known to have been absent from Washington since early summer, having passed several months at Lenox, Massachusetts, where she now is, society there is now slow to believe that the marriage has been arranged, and yesterday no one closely acquainted with the family of the bride would admit the truth of the statement. Among President Arthur's friends in this city the news came as a surprise. All of them had read the rumors, but all set them down as successors to those which have been proved to be incorrect."

In reviewing the campaign the Jamestown Alert says: "The unfair, unmerited and outrageous personal abuse heaped upon Colonel Steele and Sheriff McKeechini, both prominent and good citizens, by our contemporary in this city was not only gross injustice to them but was an outrage upon the public sentiment which we have no doubt the author in his calmer moments will regret."

A SUPERANNATED old crank, yet, withal, a pretty good fellow, named Gray, is reported to have been running for judge of probate in this county, and it is further said that at Sterling Gray spoke to an audience of twenty or thirty, in the course of which he attacked Alexander McKenzie and C. B. Little. Gray is one of those fellows who sees no good in anyone except himself.

CHAS. RICHARDSON, candidate for the territorial council from Barnes county, has carried his own county by from five to six hundred majority. This proves that Root, the disturber of the peace in church gatherings, has been beautifully downed by public opinion.

DENNY HANNIFIN says that two numbers "5" and "7" trouble him and that he can't get "em out of his 'nut." He believes it all means that New York and Indiana have gone one way or the other, five and seven thousand, and he hopes it is in Cleveland's favor.

FROM present indications North Dakota counties have rolled up larger majorities for Judge Gifford than those in the southern half. North Dakota republicans are true blue to the nominee of their party.

THE value and stability of the northwestern and Dakota trade is evidenced by the fact that the Bradstreet reports show that there has been no failure among the jobbers of St. Paul for a period of three years.

THE complexion of the returns from all over the country would seem to suggest to the republicans the propriety of doing something for Dakota before another campaign.

D. W. CLARK, JR., of Valley City, in case Blaine is elected, will, by the terms of a wager, have to wheel Prof. Church in a wheelbarrow around the rink Saturday night. In case Cleveland is elected Clark is to ride.

LET us see; Johnson got there in Fargo, didn't he? The Argus is out of politics, but probably rejoices just the same.

GEORGE WALSH has been elected for the council in the Grand Forks district,

and Jud LaMoine in the Pembina district. It will now be in order for the editor of the Grand Forks Herald to hunt his hole and disappear.

ADAMS, of the Cooperstown Courier, probably thinks he has done a great act for his people, by carrying Cooperstown against Richardson by a vote of 144 to 16, but just how he expects to clean his skirts and square himself with Rich is not quite clear.

THE Stanton, Mercer county, Record, by Macrarie and Worthington, has made its appearance. It is a live paper and published at the county seat of an excellent county.

THE Jamestown Alert, having fulfilled its promise to live until after the November elections, now lays down its task and will hereafter issue only weekly and Sunday.

It looks as if the entire republican ticket had been elected in Stutsman county, and the fact proven that the Capital has made an ass of itself.

THE New Orleans Picayune says: "A Dakota editor advertises money to loan. Somebody has paid him a month's subscription and he is putting on airs."

A WIND blew the tumble weeds from the east end of town yesterday and the friends of Jimmy Emmons fear that he may never return.

A SOCIETY organ says it "costs \$15,000 to fit out a bride in first-class style." Think of this, young man, while searching through your pockets for change enough to buy her a bouquet.

As Colonel Brown would say, "the TRIBUNE has again been endorsed."

BRAGG says he is for the postoffice now. He doesn't need votes for that.

"He laughs best who laughs last." The republicans promise to be those sort of fellows to-day.

WALT WHITMAN: You are wrong. If A bet B that "love" will not rhyme with "Oshkosh," A wins.

If Twomey, for the council, is beaten in the Fargo district, perhaps the Argus will get into politics again.

Overheard Yesterday

IN THE MORNING.
 Two supposed republicans met on the corner of Fourth and Main street yesterday morning.
 A—Good morning, B, what do you think of election?

B—Looks as though Cleveland got there, doesn't it?
 A—Well, what do you think of it, anyway?
 B—Oh, guess 't will right; Cleveland's a good man.

A—Yes, that's what I say. He made a good governor of New York.

B—Not only that, but see how the business men of New York stood by him?

A—Just so. If they have confidence in him, surely we should not complain. I believe he's a good man.

B—You are right; and then a change may do the country good.

A—(Yawning) Certainly. Blaine wasn't the man, now. By the way, have you heard from New York this morning?

B—(Yawning) No; let's go down to the Tribune office and see the returns.

And they both walked away without a smile.

IN THE EVENING.
 A—Well things are brightening up a little.

B—Yes. I thought it couldn't be quite as bad as reported this morning.

A—Great God, what a calamity the election of Cleveland would be to the country!

B—And how it would knock business into a cocked hat!

A—Thank the Lord so pure and noble a man as Blaine has been elected.

B—Let's smile.

And they smiled.

WEDDING.
 Mr. John Ivin and Miss Flora Smith were united in marriage at the residence of the bride, Mr. V. Smith, one of the solid farmers of Burleigh county, on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. A select number of the friends of the family were invited and the occasion was a most happy and enjoyable one. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. Clark.

A. F. & A. M.

An election of officers, Bismarck Lodge No. 16, A. F. & A. M., was held at their hall Monday evening, Nov. 3d. The following officers were elected:

Frank Donnelly, W. M.
 John E. Carland, S. W.
 E. N. Corey, J. W.
 F. W. McKinney, S. C.
 H. V. Wetherby, Treas.

Shot In the Arm.

Mr. J. A. Waller, of Jamestown, who has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Leroy Waller, of this city, for the past week, returned from a hunt in the Bad Lands, yesterday, with a bullet through his left arm. He was riding a pony at the time the accident happened, the trigger of the gun striking the saddle. The rifle was a Winchester, and the bullet cut through the band of his pantaloons, barely missing his body, and struck him on the left forearm. Dr. Corson dressed the wound and Mr. Waller is doing well.

While Baking Powders largely advertised as being absolutely pure are found to be envenomed by the presence of "Ammonia," and others betray "Alum," as an item of composition. Dr. Pri'e's Cream Baking Powder is found to be free from every trace of improper or harmful ingredients. Dr. Pri'e's Cream is the most perfect powder made.

A DELAWARE baker has been indicted for selling bread on Sunday.

Hallowe'en.
 Saturday was All Saints' day. Friday was Hallowe'en. 'Twas a nice cool day for a lark, and in Bismarck it was recognized by a few who are ever ready to pay tribute where the same is due, and never allow the magicians of the town to wear a weather beaten face for want of pain. Hallowe'en—the time when young ladies congregate to decide by various spells and lots their matrimonial fate, was not very generally recognized in the capital city, the only reason assigned being that the intelligent gentle ones have become so deeply absorbed in politics and the success of Belva Woodcock that they threw fate to the figurative dogs and sent their regrets to beloved Hallowe'en. The boys, however, were not so dead to their duty and paid their respects to the gates, signs and moribonds of their neighbors with that enterprise and promptness for which they are famous. A few of the "thoroughbreds" were out for a little pace and warmed up to a brisk trot before they sought the embrace of Morpheus. It was a pleasing scene, and the Tribune scribe, who took an elevated seat in the gallery, was treated to an entertainment of rare proportions.

Right here it may be well to abide by the time honored custom and give Bobby Burns' poetical remarks on the subject, as follows:

"Up in the night when fairies light
 Or O' the Dunsinane's dance,
 Or o'er the braes in splendid blaze
 On sprightly couriers prance
 Or for Colleen the runt is 'a'en;
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There up the cove to stray and rove
 Among the rocks and streams,
 To spat that night.

Among the bonnie widdie banks,
 Where Doon rias wimplin' clear,
 Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks
 And shook the Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly country folks
 Together did convene
 To burn the nuts and pu' the stocks,
 An' hold their Hallowe'en
 In blithe that night.

The peculiar feature of the American Hallowe'en exercises, as everybody knows, is the transfer of other people's property, especially signs, and on the morning of the day allotted to all saints it is customary for the milliner to find the pawnbroker's sign above her door, while the blacksmith announces that he is prepared to furnish hats, bonnets, ribbons and lace to the ladies fair. But last evening's ceremonies were of a political nature, and it was a picnic of magnificent proportions to see Jimmy Emmons with his flowing locks siring themselves in the midnight wind, writing "Reform" on the dead limbs of fanaticism. Colonel Lounsberry climbed the telephone poles in an attempt to nail a banner of victory at the top, but the colonel couldn't make it as he would repeatedly slip at a certain point and fall back on his "army record," while Wright rushed around with the sign "Brain" in big, bold letters held firmly over his forehead, saying that he had at last found the only appropriate place for that cherished word. Then Jimmy and the colonel would laugh sarcastically and continue in the work of "victory and reform." Dan Harata was busy explaining that he did not live in Minneapolis, and L. O. Wilson was shouting paper wads at an imaginary ring, which he said had haunted him for some time. John A. McLean was "there," sometimes he was "here," in fact he was here and there. There were other important characters in the celebration, but before they could accomplish their design on the town, the daylight (of public opinion) broke up their little machine.

The Wedding Bells.

Over forty couples met at the residence of William Sabury, Wednesday evening, to witness the marriage of Mr. William Breer with Miss Emma Sabury. Miss Emma is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sabury, and having come to Bismarck when but a child, has grown to womanhood among the old settlers and pioneers of the country, who gathered around her Wednesday evening to wish her a life of joy and a marital career of unalloyed bliss. After the ceremonies dancing was indulged in, and with good music and a jovial crowd a splendid time was had. Mr. and Mrs. Breer went on in married life with the kindest wishes and congratulations of all.

The Merchants National Liquidators.

The stockholders of the Merchants National bank have voted to go into voluntary liquidation. The business of the bank will be conducted by Mr. E. McMahon and other stockholders, under the firm name and style of the Merchants Bank of Bismarck, and parties having claims against the Merchants National will present them for payment.

Situation Yesterday.

6:30 a. m.—All Democrats.
 9:30 a. m.—All Democrats.
 11:45 a. m.—Three-fourths Democrats.
 12:00 m.—Monogrels.
 1:45 p. m.—Some Republicans.
 2:45 p. m.—Several Republicans.
 3:45 p. m.—Some more Republicans.
 6:00 p. m.—Months open in suspense.

Gen. Miles Goes East.

Brigadier General Miles and family went east last evening in a special car. Gen. Miles has many warm admirers in this section as he is the general who planned the successful campaign against Sitting Bull and his band. He also has numerous personal acquaintances in Bismarck and stopped from his car to shake hands and look over the familiar grounds.

Team Drowned.

On Wednesday a government team was drowned at Standing Rock Agency while being driven from the steamer General Terry. The steamer was unloading government freight at the agency, when the team became frightened and backed over the bank into the river, disappearing beneath the boat. The driver escaped by jumping from the wag.

The Lingering Hopes.

Yesterday was one of lingering hopes. The democrat arose in the morning to find that his republican friend's under lip had lost its grip, and the stiffening in his own upper lipper was increased very materially, thereby. To distinguish the dems. from the reps. was an easy task. You could tell the republican by the remark like length of his countenance, while every democrat had a face like the laughing full moon. This was from 6:30 to 11 o'clock a. m. Then the exchange—the transition of countenances began. The first ballets were from Minnesota—much to the disgust of all, for the North Star state creates no interest or excitement in national politics. She is one of Ingemoll's demonstrated facts. But at about 11 o'clock, re-

publicans in Indiana gave the casual observer a field for study, merriment and silent fun. You could see the map of Maine on the faces of the TRIBUNE's business manager and Commissioner Neal, and when the returns were favorable to the Planned Knight, you could smell pine all around them, but when the returns were largely Democratic the branches about their head seemed to wither and droop. When New York was first heard from Denny Hannifin's chin whiskers shot out straight ahead, and his hair pointed toward the center of the etheral dome. In the evening he wopt, and said "there are but few of us left, but we'll stay by the shuffles until the last chip is gone and then die game."

In the matter of county politics no interest was manifested, as everybody knew the result—that the entire People's Ticket was elected, and the regular Republican legislative ticket went out of the county with almost the solid vote. Crowds surrounded the various bulletin centers and one might think from the interest manifested that he was in the center of the Empire state instead of the Empire territory.

Bets were made yesterday. In the morning odds were in favor of Cleveland; at noon it was about a stand-off and in the evening the Republican bird was in the ascendancy.

Emmons County.

The following is taken from the Emmons County Record: The election in Emmons county yesterday passed off very quietly. A good sized vote was polled, but, owing to the lateness of the hour at which the count was finished, we are obliged to curtail our report of the day's doings and simply give the figures. There was no democratic ticket obtainable; and as no one knew the names of the "unaffiliated" gentlemen who are doing the legislative candidate not in the ninth district, Messrs. Richardson, Nickens, Williams, Coe, Stevens and Steele gathered in all the votes with a slight variation.

The solitary and only democratic vote (for John B. Wilson) was cast by Nat Presbo, of Winona.

But one thing must be said, and that is to relate the fact that no more gentlemanly and intelligent band of men ever gathered together at a Dakota election than those who met here yesterday to cast their ballots for the town and men of their choice. Not the slightest difficulty occurred—not a harsh word was spoken. Followi g is the vote:

DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

Oscar S. Gifford.....254

John B. Wilson.....1

TERRITORIAL COUNCIL.

Charles Richardson.....256

Johnson Nickens.....256

TERRITORIAL HOUSE.

Henry W. Coe.....257

Julius Wright.....255

E. A. Williams.....255

Wilbur F. Steele.....230

COUNTY SEAT.

Williamsport.....136

Winona.....118

Winchester.....21

COMMISSIONERS.

First District—James B. Gayton.....52

Second District—W. L. Yeater.....43

Joseph N. Boop.....49

F. D. Walker.....1

Third District—R. W. Childs.....38

SHERIFF.

William V. Wade.....174

Thomas Morton.....91

REGISTER OF DEEDS.

Thomas Parks.....254

TREASURER.

Donald Stevenson.....238

Joseph N. Boop.....41

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

J. H. Wors.....256

PROBATE JUDGE.

George Dougherty.....255

COUNTY ATTORNEY.

E. T. Herrick.....254

ASSESSOR.

O. H. Bunnsted.....167

Robert Maxwell.....89

CORONER.

Daniel Long.....50

Northern Pacific Earnings.

Pioneer Press: Northern Pacific earnings for October were the largest monthly earnings in the history of the road. They fell short, however, of the estimate made by an official of the company and published in these columns a few days ago. This was due to a slight falling off during the last week of the month. During that time bad weather had a great effect upon both wheat and stock shipments. The earnings of the month aggregated \$1,461,870, against \$1,397,222 earned during October, 1883. This is an increase of \$64,648. Practically the increase is much greater, as during the fall of 1883 the company transported for its own use a large quantity of construction material. While this property went into the earnings, it was not money directly received by the company. The largest single month's earnings previous to October was that of April last. Those were \$1,441,514 68, or \$19,856.32 short of those of last month. During the present season the company has delivered at Duluth 7,160 cars, or 3,550,000 bushels of wheat, against 4,600 cars delivered during the same time last season. This is an increase of 2,600 cars, or 1,300,000 bushels. The estimated number of beaves delivered at Minnesota Transfer for east-bound shipment is 65,000, against 33,000 last season, an increase of 32,000 head.

Death Notice.

Mr. C. C. Burger, who died at Sims, Monday, the 30th inst., was 54 years of age and was formerly a resident of Eau Claire, Wis. Mrs. Burger desires to express thanks to the many friends who so kindly aided in her hour of sorrow and affliction.

Eau Claire, Wis., and Wabasha, Minn., papers please copy.

WOMAN AND HOME.

The Well-Dressed Woman—On Horseback—In Dakota.

Before and After—Painfully Neat—Parisian Jewelry—Miss Alcott—Miss Kelle—Making a Scrap-book.

[Literary World.] A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous material, but confined to some special purpose, for there are very few topics on which The World does not publish a wealth of information and graceful wit. Let the collector decide rigidly whether the pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In pictures the collector should confine himself to a definite subject, whether portraits, historical landscapes, or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone.

In almost every city or county a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings, almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so, before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do, unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves after every page filled with the clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the pages used, the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mutilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's paste," is excellent.

Woman's Life in Dakota.

[Chicago Herald.] A broad-shouldered, compactly built young woman with brown face and hair, sitting in the Lake Shore depot the other evening waiting for the departure of a train for the east. She had just arrived in town from Dakota.

"We don't waste any time in foolishness out our way," she said to a young man who seemed to be acquainted with her. "There is no love-making on my half section. It's nothing but No. 2 wheat from May to August. That's what we are out there for. Now, I own and manage a farm of 200 acres, and this year I took out a crop of eighteen bushels to the acre and sold it, got the cash, put it in the bank, discharged all my men but one, who will look after things this winter, and I'm off for a little fun down east. Marriage," she said, in response to some remark by her companions; "that's what all the good-for-nothing cranks of men that I see from plowing time to harvest can talk about. What do I want to get married for? There are more than 300 of us girl farmers in Dakota, and we will hold a convention some time. I never saw a man yet that I would have around. I intend to farm until I get enough money to live on comfortably, and then I'll see. I'm in the habit of doing about as I please. There was a nice young fellow in my neighborhood last July, who tried to be very gallant and wanted to help me whenever I did any work. If I chopped a little wood he wanted to do it. If I went after a rail of water he wanted to carry it. If I put a bag of grain on my shoulder he insisted on giving me a lift. He was a pretty nice boy, but he made me tired. One day I wanted the hay-rick on the wagon, and I took hold of one end and clapped it up on the wheel so quick that it made him dizzy.

"Let me," says he, but he only threw the whole thing down in trying to get the other end. He didn't have the strength."

"Says I 'Oh go away. You don't eat enough No. 2 wheat.' Then I put the rick up in good style.

"We meet lots of such fellows out there. They are good enough, I suppose, but when I want one I will send for him."

The Well-Dressed Woman.

[American Queen.] The well-dressed woman, as you know, not only what to wear, but when to wear it. In the summer forenoon you will see her in the simplest of cottons, a dress absolutely plain and without ornament, without laces, fringes, decoration of any kind. In the winter at the same time she is equally plainly dressed in cloth. Later in the day she changes to smart clothes for more ceremonious duties, visits, afternoon parties and teas—velvets and silks combined in winter, in summer rich gauzes and costly laces. In the evening, for dinner or ball, the most choice and splendid masterpieces of the dress maker's art are reserved; the richest stuff set off with the most elaborate embroideries and the rarest jewels. But withal, even in the last gorgeous stage into which the modern chrysalis has developed, ostentatious display is scrupulously avoided.

The highest art is to conceal art; to use the richest materials in compassing the utmost simplicity. There is no heaviness, no overloading with ornament, no meaningless superadded decoration. The attire of a perfectly-dressed woman is original without eccentricity, personal to herself, yet following the latest fashion; attractive, yet undemonstrative—developing to the utmost her peculiar charms.

Women on Horseback.

According to DeBussigny's "Handbook," a lady should sit on a horse thus: "The head straight, easy turning upon the shoulders in any direction without involving a movement of the body. The eyes fixed straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, and always the direction in which he is going. The upper part of the body easy, flexible, and straight. The lower part, the body firm, without stiffness. The shoulders well back and on the same line. The arms falling naturally. The forearm bent. The wrists on a level with the elbows. The reins held in each hand. The fingers firmly closed, facing each other, with the thumbs extended on the ends of the lines. The right foot falling naturally on the pommel of the saddle, the left foot in the stirrup without leaning on it. The part of the right leg between the knee and the hip joint should be turned on its outer or right side, and should press throughout its length on the saddle. The knees should, in their respective positions, be continually in contact, without an exception. The lower or movable part of

the leg plays upon the immovable at the knee joint, the sole exception being when the rider rises to the trot, at which time the upper part of the leg leaves the saddle."

Before and After.

[New York Cor. Chicago Times.] Who has not been acquainted here with amiable, genial, kind hearted, engaging bachelors, and been struck by the revolution they have undergone after passing into matrimony? They are said to be fortunately married in everything except money; to be very fond of their wives, and the most devoted of fathers. There is no reason to believe otherwise. And yet they do not look the happiness supposed to be enshrined in their hearts. Their faces have deep lines that seem far older than their years; their seldom smile; their opinions are cynical; their manners are morose. If all this be mentioned, their intimates will say that they have many cares; that they have a hard time to get on, but that their domestic relations are delightful. The deduction is that it is possible to be happy at home and appear wretched abroad, just as it is possible to be wretched at home and appear happy abroad. But calm outsiders, waiting for facts and arguments in favor of matrimony before embracing it, may well be discouraged by such adverse semblances.

New York offers every year more and more inducements to celibates, both positive and negative. The expense of marriage and all that is associated with it, steadily and rapidly increases, forcing married men to send their families into the country, while they toil in town and go home when they may. Many make a daily journey to and fro of eighty and a hundred miles, and are so tired with perpetual travel, added to their onerous duties, that they employ every leisure hour in seeking rest. They unquestionably enjoy their domesticity; they ought to, they have so little of it. To get up at sunrise, still sleepy; both their breakfast; hurry to the train; arrive at office or store; work hard every minute, their mind fixed all the while on the hour for return; dart off with a number of things undone; reach the station just in season to see the last car receding from view; feel unutterably profane; go back to attend to the unfinished task; meet a friend, leisurely, serene, contented, who smiles at him, miserably (he is an infernal bachelor); set to work again; once more rush off, the job still incomplete, and leap on the train, already in motion, hot, out of temper, hurried to death, and devilishly domestic. To repeat this 624 times a year is the strongest evidence of family devotion; and yet it is not a wholly unalloyed satisfaction.

Miss Alcott's Reply.

[Chicago Tribune.] Miss Louise Alcott, being asked for advice by a young lady who desired to earn a living by literary work, replied: "I can only reply to yours as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell. If people won't take the stories, try something else. For a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be. Nurse, teacher, companion, housekeeper, seamstress or servant are all honest trades and worth trying while waiting for the more agreeable work."

"I tried them, and after grubbing for twenty years made a hit, seemingly by accident, but I could see how very hard experience had helped, every sacrifice enriched, and so believe heartily in that sort of training for us all. I do not know any one in Washington, and I think anything better than the places women hold in public offices there. If your stories are good they will find a market; if they are not stop writing and try something else. The gift is born with us, and cannot be learned, as some think. Knowing nothing of you or your capabilities, it is impossible for me to advise or recommend except in the general way. 'Hope and keep busy' is my motto, for while one works despair cannot get the upper hand."

Painfully Neat.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson in Weekly Magazine.] The tidy housekeeper may be a jewel beyond price, or she may be, by an exaggeration of her tidiness an unmitigated nuisance. We have known such, whose continual struggle with the demons of dirt and disorder left its impress on the face. The features sharpened from perpetual prying into corner and crevice after dust and cobwebs, the brows contracted into a stereotyped frown over "the depravity of inanimate things," and the voice grew querulous from continual complaints of the carelessness of children and servants.

Even the guest felt hampered in such a presence; scarcely dared to touch the finely bound volumes arranged with mathematical precision, or move the chairs which seemed as steadfast in their moorings as the seats in an audience room, but stepped gingerly about, fearing to disarrange the furniture or drapery, and was silently reproved when the tidy hostess stooped to pick up some stray ravelings from her work or return to its place the book she had just laid down. The husband of that wife did not praise her with any enthusiasm or her children rise up and call her blessed, but were glad to escape from her perpetual restrictions into homes less painfully neat but where there was more freedom and comfort.

Congressman Kelley's Daughter.

[Exchange.] Miss Florence Kelley, the daughter of Congressman W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who has been studying in Europe, is engaged to be married to a Russian. A correspondent says of her: "Miss Kelley, as a child, was a pet and favorite of Henry C. Carey, the American economist, and when she was 14 he remarked that he would rather discuss economics with her than with any specialist on the same subject he had ever known. Her father, naturally proud of her analytical mind and power of retention, has directed his daughter's education with a view to developing her ability, and gratifying her taste for the studies that few women have cared to grapple with. Since being graduated at Vassar, Miss Kelley has been for the most time abroad, traveling and pursuing the study of political economy at Zurich, though she found time to write a number of magazine articles and contributed a weekly letter to The Washington National Tribune.

Women Laborers.

According to the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics among the women laborers of that state are 106 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 bill posters, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 actors, 1 gun and locksmith, 73 bakers, 38 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 door-hangers, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock makers, 10 cabinet makers, 10 harness makers, 7 machinists, 4 blacksmiths, 235 printers, 2 shoe cutters, 4 coopers, 235 laborers, and 5 engineers.

Paris' New Jewelry.

[American Queen.] A new style of jewelry has become fashionable in Paris. The whole animal world has

been exhausted in furnishing birds, beasts, and fishes to adorn hats and bonnets for the promenade. These have gradually diminished from the life-size crowing cock and pheasant to the wren sitting on her nest, and the field mouse peeping from her tiny abode on the top of a corn-stalk. Fashion now ordains that the brooches and ear-rings worn in full dress shall assume the most gigantic proportions. One of the most popular ornaments is now the elephant, which, of disproportionate dimensions, is used to clasp the new Dominican cloaks, to finish the corsage in evening dress, to clasp the zone of beauty, or dangle from the ears. The ugly ornament is to be seen in every variety of material, and flourishes on every occasion.

Aprons for the Children.

[Pauline in The Housekeeper.] The backs of cambric over-skirts and polo naises make serviceable aprons for the children, providing you let the machine do all the sewing and do not spend much time in trimming. Have a good fitting pattern. Much depends upon the shape and fit of the apron. One pattern, providing it is correct, will do duty in many ways. I cut aprons, dresses, cloaks and undergarments from a nice cloth pattern I have, varying them all to suit my taste.

Said a lady to me one day, referring to a neighbor's child who was at play with mine, "How dirty that little girl always looks." For reply I turned one of my own little girls toward her and asked if there was not one quite as dirty. "Well, somehow," she answered, "your children never look dirty, even when they are." I divined the reason for the difference, for while the dress of my neighbor's child hung in folds and puckers, my little girl's plain gingham apron, soiled and torn from her play, fitted smoothly and shapely about her form.

Training of Children.

[Aunt Fannie in London Letter.] As soon as your little lass can prattle and run about teach her order, cleanliness, neatness and economy. The second you can commence almost at birth. Buy her some dolls, a house and cradle, if possible—supply her with a place to put them in, nor suffer any member of the family to disturb or appropriate that place. As soon as she is tired of her playthings make her carefully dust and stow them neatly away in their proper places. This will teach her order and punctuality. As she advances give her lessons in sewing and making garments for her dolls; also to make the curtains, carpets and upholstery for the chairs, sofas and ottomans, and arrange the property, to keep the house clean and the dolls contented. By this you will lay the foundation of a good, sound, practical domestic education, and will soon discover all the elements of a well-ordered and regulated system pervading every action and movement of your little pupil.

Lemon for Malaria.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.] At the International Medical congress, in Copenhagen, Professor Crudele, of Rome, read a paper on "Malaria and its Remedies." Acknowledging the great value of quinine and arsenic as preventive and curative, he said a cheaper, harmless, and yet effective remedy may be found in the ordinary lemon. He advised that a decoction of lemon be made as follows: Cut up one lemon, peel and all, into thin slices, put it into three glassfuls of water, and boil it down to one glassful. Strain the liquid through linen, squeezing thoroughly the remains of boiled lemon, and set it aside to cool. Drink the whole amount when fasting. As the decoction possesses cathartic properties, the dose should not be repeated too frequently, not more than once a day, or every other day, according to individual susceptibility.

Fashionable, but Uneducated.

[Julia Ward Howe.] The reason why education is usually so poor among women of fashion is that it is not needed for the life which they elect to lead. With a good figure, good clothes and a handsome equipage; with a little reading of the daily newspapers and of the fashionable reviews; and, above all, with the happy tact which often enables women to make a large display of very small requirements, the women of fashion may never feel the need of true education. We pity her none the less, since she will never know its peace and delight.

The Best Dressed.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson.] She is the best dressed woman whose dress is so harmonious in itself and so in harmony with her personal appearance and manners that while the details are unnoticed, the whole gives a strong and pleasing impression of her individuality—the dress seems a part of herself.

For the Hair.

[Courier Journal.] When one has had a fever and the hair is falling off, take a teaspoon of sage steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

To Stop a Sneeze.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.] When I feel inclined to sneeze I press my finger on my upper lip, directly under the nose, and press tightly. It always stops the sneeze, but a queer sensation passes over one while doing this.

The Home Grass-Plot.

Try and get a little green grass around your home. Nothing cures the ill mind so much as verdure. It is manifestly wrong and unnatural, too, to rear children on a playground made of stone flagging or Nicholson pavement.

Don't fret.

[Mrs. C. F. Wilder in Christian Advocate.] Above everything, don't fret. Don't fret. "The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping," says Solomon. I will add—and will be sure to wear out the love of the noblest.

For Musquitoes.

The Scientific American says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a musquito or any other blood-sucker will be found there in the morning.

Song and story, life and death, are so cruel to a woman.

Milk is the very best thing with which to clean oil-cloth.

When Buying Pictures.

[The Current.] The Studio makes the following suggestion to those who wish to buy pictures: "Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated' or 'educated,' or how great an 'authority' he or she may be." This is somewhat startling, coming from a journal devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reasons therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then "try it by living with it;" if it be really good "it will help the purchaser to get something as good or, it may be, better the next time." The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense.

REVOLUTIONISTS!

So Do the Russian "Nihilists" Call Themselves.

Their Work of Propagandism and the Sublime Courage with Which They Labor—Heroes, Heroines and Martyrs.

[Foreign Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] Nihilists do not call themselves by that name. They call themselves revolutionists. Nihilism is a word invented by Tourgenieff, one of his novels to signify utter absence of belief, and the coin he minted having been current all the world over, Russian revolutionists are compelled in some measure to acknowledge it, but while acknowledging they protest. There was, I believe, once a class of pessimists in Russia who protested to have no faith whatever, but they were not militant revolutionists, of whom Tourgenieff knew little or nothing, for he was exiled before the movement began. I do not suppose the people we call nihilists are orthodox Christians, but the Slavonic races are religious and emotional by nature, and it is not in the nature of things that men should suffer and fight and die for a cause without believing in something immaterial and divine. Nihilism, in its present development, is essentially a religion—a religion which demands from its votaries an all-pervading faith and an unlimited capacity for self-sacrifice. A nihilist who does not possess the courage of a martyr and the courage of a hero is no more use than a soldier in petticoats, armed with a broomstick.

The ordinary work of a Russian revolutionist is not, as some suppose, making mines, fabricating dynamite and murdering police spies. Being the work of propagandism, it resembles in some respects the work of Christian emissaries in pagan times, or of Huguenot pastors after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The great hindrance to reform in Russia lies even more in the ignorance of the people than in the tyranny of the government. All the educated classes, except employees of the state, are either potential or actual revolutionists or, as we may say, reformers; but the masses, though terribly oppressed and taxed almost to death, are, as yet, ignorant of the source of their sufferings and the possibility of improvement. When things go wrong they lay the blame, not on the czar, upon whom they look, or rather have looked (for they are slowly waking up to a perception of the truth), as a sort of demi-god, but on his agent or representatives.

The real object of the nihilists is to enlighten the masses, to show them that with out political revolution there is no possibility of amendment, and convince them that the proudest of all blessings is freedom. Could the masses be won over to the cause the position of the government would be untenable, for if the peasantry, who are now the basis of his power, were to fall him, the czar would be forced to grant some sort of reform which must end in the establishment of representative institutions. Why the czar does not spontaneously concede reform is a question with which, as also with the motives and deeds of the terrorists, I shall deal in another letter.

As it is, the government not alone refuses to make concessions, but treats as a felon every man who ventures either to find fault with their proceedings or hint a doubt that the czar is not the best and wisest of earthly rulers. Public meetings are not allowed, the press is more than fettered—it is throttled—and open agitation is simply impossible. A youth of 19 has been hanged for posting a "revolutionary" placard on a wall, and a lad of 16 sent to Siberia because his brother was hanged for a political offense. It is hardly possible for the brother of a man who has been hanged to love his kinsman's executioners. He may develop into a dangerous character and it is well to have him out of the way. When Prince Krapotkin was in prison his brother, then an officer in the army, expressed, in a letter to a friend in London, the opinion that it was wrong "to keep Peter so long in confinement without trial." This letter was opened in the post-office and handed to the police, and the brother, of course without trial, was sent to Siberia, and he is there yet.

It is, therefore, evident that the revolutionary propaganda, as it is called, must be conducted in secret and with great circumspection. Those who take part in it assume an alias and go about incognito—become schoolmasters, learn the use of the hammer and chisel, and become blacksmiths and masons, drop a word in season and out of season, distribute revolutionary pamphlets, and when these apostles of revolution have made a few converts, hold classes and make speeches at secret meetings. At this work the women are as active and devoted as the men. I know of young girls of noble families, highly educated and brought up in luxury, who have got work at cotton factories, wrought fourteen and sixteen hours a day, gone about barefoot and lived on black bread in order that they might carry on the propaganda among the mill hands. And this is done not in the hope of praise or reward, but in the certainty of capture and death. Sooner or later they are sure to be denounced and arrested, and it is hardly possible for any young girl to survive the rigors and horrors of a Russian jail. Knowing what is before them, they deliberately run the risk and court their fate. These victims of despotism deserve well the epithet that has been bestowed upon them of heroes, heroines and martyrs of Russian liberty.

James Gordon Bennett.

[New York Letter.] A really astonishing change has taken place in the appearance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who is just now the most popular man in Newport. He is asked everywhere, and his entertainments are attended by the most exclusive people of the place. The "young man"—who, by the way, is 44 years of age—has reformed. He does not touch wine or liquor in any form, and his appearance has improved tenfold. When Mr. Bennett left here a year ago his face was colorless, his shoulders bent, and his eyes heavy. Since he has been away his hair and mustache have become quite white, and his face has been bronzed by his steady life at sea. He is as erect as an athlete and seems to have regained his spirits.

What He Wanted.

[Boston Commercial Bulletin.] It is related of a jolly old retired sea captain who boards at one of the up town hotels, that, returning from "a day at the shore," the landlord quietly suggested that one of the boys, pilot him to his room. "Pilot!" said the mariner, as he crammed his hat on the back of his head and supporting himself against the counter regarded his host with a fixed stare; "pilot be blanketed; what I want's a light-house!"

A Fond Wife's Fear.

[Albany Times.] "Promise me, dear husband," said young Mrs. Newbridge, affectionately to Charles— "promise me never, in your darkest hours, ever to commit suicide. I am told it will vitiate your life-insurance."

FASHIONS IN DRINKING.

A Bartender Observes That They Change Like Other Fashions.

[New York Sun.] The bartender of a popular downtown rendezvous leaned gracefully over the bar during the slack hours of business the other day, and discussed his customers to a reporter.

"I notice that men nowadays order exactly what they want," he said, toying gently with his blonde mustache. "Three or four or five years ago a man looked more or less ashamed of himself when he ordered lemonade or seltzer. His companions usually remonstrated with him or made fun of him, and he generally offered some sort of a half apology to the bartender for ordering a non-intoxicating drink. This was particularly so with the young business men, clerks, and politicians. They ordered brandy smashes, plain brandy, whisky punches, plain whisky, or some other heavy drink. Of course one-half of them didn't want it. You can't stand behind the bar long before you find out that a fair percentage of the men who are led up to the bar to drink would rather have nothing at all than liquor of any sort. Very many men also have scruples against drinking hard liquor, and others find that it goes against them to drink whisky or brandy before dinner time. Still the majority of them used to drink their whisky straight and say nothing. Why, when I first went into the business, fourteen years ago, we used to pass out the whisky bottle and glasses without asking the drinker what he would have. If he wanted anything else he would push back the glass and give his order. In those days if a party of young men went into a bar-room and ordered lemonade the bartender felt aggrieved and the bystanders made fun of them. Nowadays, however, everything is changed. No one thinks anything when two or three men of a group order lemonade, seltzer, or apollinaris at the bar. I have also noticed that men who drink heavy liquors in winter usually drop them in summer."

"A great change has taken place in the bar-rooms during the past five years."

"Yes. The Simon-pure North American bar-room is rapidly going out of fashion in the best part of the town. Men no longer enjoy rushing into a room, dropping down to drink and hurrying out again. They have more time than they had ten or twenty years ago, and they wish to sit down quietly and chat with a friend while they drink. The cafe, with its comfortable tables and chairs, is what catches the people now. You will find that in the big drinking places down town there is a place set aside where men can hide with comfort. These rooms are always filled."

"Have you as many regular drinkers as you had ten years ago?"

Well, no, they are not as numerous as they formerly were. The man who came in for his cocktail every morning before breakfast or luncheon and the man who took four good drinks of whisky every day no longer exists to the extent they did ten years ago. The fact is, habitual drinking over the bar is not fashionable nowadays. Men drink more at dinner than they used to, and drink for the fun of the thing. But the wholesale absorption of liquor has gone out of style."

Mountain Air by the Cake.

[Chicago News "Flats and Sharps."] A Colorado millionaire, who owns a chain of valuable mining properties in and around Leadville, came to Chicago lately upon a rather curious mission. He has invested during his leisure moments a curious machine whereby air may be condensed and compressed. By an ingenious combination of certain chemicals and his electric trithonimeter, as he calls it, large volumes of air are compressed into small packages or cakes, closely resembling the cakes of compressed yeast in common use. These cakes of compressed air expand upon being exposed to the light and atmosphere, and in the course of half an hour an ounce cake of this curious composition will evaporate into 135,900 cubic feet of fresh air suitable for breathing.

The inventor intends to have a large machine manufactured by a company in this city after the model electric trithonimeter he brings with him. This machine he will transport to Colorado, where he will organize a joint stock corporation for the manufacture of compressed air. This will enable invalids to benefit by the clear, pure invigorating atmosphere of the Rocky mountains, although thousands of miles away. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, and all other hard-worked men will pay 10 cents per cake for this compressed air and be as much refreshed and reinvigorated by its evaporation as if they stood upon the very summit of Pike's peak. Fifty cents' worth of these wondrous cakes will supply an ordinary room with fresh, pure air for twelve hours; \$2 worth will be equivalent to a trip from Denver to Leadville and back. At a comparatively trifling cost, asthma, bronchitis, hay-fever, and consumption can be cured, and there will be no need of vacations when the invention becomes popularized.

Blowing Up a Glacier.

[London News.] One of the youngest as well as one of the most beautiful glaciers in the country is that which gives birth to the river Rhone, and the grandest sight in connection with the Rhone glacier is the superb seracs, or pinnacles of ice, which prove a source of unending attraction to travelers by the Furka pass. As is well known, the second and third bends of the road almost hang over the glacier, and afford a wonderful view of the stupendous rocks, broken and twisted into fantastic pyramids. This sight, writes our Geneva correspondent, is certainly unique in that part of the Alps, but unless active steps are taken to stop the destruction now going on it will soon be so no longer.

It appears that some people have obtained permission from whom it is not clear—to destroy these pinnacles by means of dynamite, in order that the huge blocks thus easily detached may be put on the St. Gothard railway, and so transported to Bale, where they are to be stored in immense wells for summer use. Should the destruction of the glacier be allowed to continue, the authorities will find to their cost that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the chief attraction of that desolate region is the superb ice pinnacles of the great glacier, and when they have disappeared travelers will turn their steps in other directions.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

[Exchange.] At the Pont des Arts in Paris is a blind man, who carries a board around his neck with a sign: "Blind by birth and by accident." "See here, my good man," said a passer-by, "can you tell us how you happened to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?" "Easy enough," said the old man. "You see I'm blind by birth myself, and I've bought out a blind man who did business on the other side of the bridge. He was blind by accident."

A Neglected Grave.

[Philadelphia Times.] Thaddeus Stevens' grave is grown over with noxious weeds, and neglect and decay are visible on every side about his tomb.

THE MESSENGER-BOY.

How They Manage to Make Money Outside Regular Wages.

Getting Commissions from Florists, Cigar and Wine Dealers, and Cabmen—Overcharging Countrymen and the Newly-Married.

[New York Times.] "How much?" The speaker was a well-known lawyer, who sat with two friends in the cafe at Delmonico's the other evening. "Twenty cents, and you know it just as well as I do," answered the distinct messenger.

"Ain't you overcharging?" asked one of the party.

"No; we never overcharge regular customers. They know the rates, and if we did they'd report it to the company and we'd get bounced. Strangers and countrymen and newly-married couples we always size up and charge double rates. And then, besides, regulars always give us something. One of them gives me 10 cents extra every time; another one, he's a gambler on Twenty-eighth street, gives me according to his luck; sometimes as high as \$1."

"Then you make money outside of your wages?"

"Well, some of the boys do. And there's lots of ways of doing it. One way is commissions. We're sent out regular for cigars, bouquets, cabs, carriages, and liquor. If we are sent to a certain place we don't get a commission usually; but if they just hand us a \$1 bill and say, 'Get me five cigars,' or 'Get me a cab,' then we have a show. There's loads of business people who give a percentage. On cigars we get from 10 cents up; on flowers a good deal more. A swell gets mashed on a girl or an actress and sends her a bouquet. If he gives us a V, we get a dollar from the florist."

"Wines are very good, too. There's a dealer on Sixth avenue who has wine in plain bottles on ice all the time, and it costs \$2 a bottle, and he's got all kinds of labels. I got an order for a bottle of Pommery and \$4. I run around there, and he puts on a 'Pommery' label, and I make \$2. It ain't safe, though. I tried it once on a young fellow, and the next time I came there he kicked me down stairs, and swore I'd poisoned him."

"Then the cabbies are quite square, especially with corpses?"

"What is a corpse?"

"Why, it's a swell that's drunk. He'll pay the cabby almost anything he's asked. The cabby gives us a quarter for an order, and sometimes whacks up the next day. But the best blokes are mashers. Married men and women who get mashed never use the post-office, but only us boys. We know 'em the moment we see 'em. They'll pay almost anything, and give us an extra besides. Then we make something on 'doubling up.'"

"What's that?"

"I get a call, and I find it will take twenty minutes. I go back to the office and report pay for a 'shorter.' I get a second call in a short while. When I come back to the first customer I charge for the whole time, and also get paid afterward by the second. That way I make the difference between what I paid for the 'shorter' and what I got for the whole thing. Then there's another kind of double. I get a 'shorter' here in Delmonico's, and then run across into the Brunswick and the Hoffman. Between the two I can catch another 'shorter,' and do both together. Then, you see, I can charge full time to both, and don't have to put up at the office."

"A telegraph boy hasn't a very bad time, then?"

"Yes he does. One time I kept going for thirty hours without stopping. Another time and lots of times I've had to go through rain and snow where there was no horse-car lanes until I thought I was almost dead; I got licked last week. I had a call from a young dude, who gave me two letters to young ladies. The envelopes had the names on, but no residence. These he gave me separate. I got to number one and found I'd lost the address of number two. So I asked the lady the address, and showed her the letter. The next day I met the dude in front of his place, and he said he'd teach me a lesson to show his letters to different people, and he gave me an awful licking with his cane. That's sort of rough on a boy, but now and then he has a good time. Once a jealous woman hired me to sit her husband for three days. He was used to ride up and down from his office in a cab, and the cabby was a commission friend of mine. So I went to get on the box with him and ride both ways. The old dame paid me my time, my cab hire for three days and gave me a dollar beside. I guess their row is over now, because I saw 'em walking together last Sunday just as loving as two spoons."

"It isn't a very moral life," observed the lawyer.

The boy smiled, flushed, it may be, a little, and said: "How can we help it? If we're late, or lose time, or take bad money, or break a rule, or do anything at all, we've got to pay for it. And then there are people in the company who make you divvy with 'em or treat 'em. And the waiters in the restaurants and the clerks and porters in the hotels want stake. I had to pay a waiter in this place \$1 last week for a bloke who wanted a bouquet for his gal. And then you customers always tell me I'm a lyin' and stealin'. And I go to gambling halls, and gin-mills and opium dens, and worse places, and ladies and gentlemen send me messages and letters, and give me a half to say I left him in a club, or a church, or a meeting, or a chap gives me a big bill to change, or check to cash, and it's bad, the cop punches me, and I'm locked up in jail. If us boys—no bad you customers make us so, and that's all there is to it. But I've got to skip. Much obliged, gents, for the note."

Professor Huxley's Fish Story.

[Chicago Journal.] Professor Huxley says that "a mountain of cod," from 120 to 130 feet in height, moves for two months in every year from westward

WOMAN AND HOME.

The Well-Dressed Woman—On Horse-
back—In Dakota.

Before and After—Painfully Near—
Parisian Jewelry—Miss Alcott
—Miss Kelley—Making
a Scrap-Book.

[Literary World.]

A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous material, but confined to some special purpose, for there are very few topics on which the world does not publish a wealth of information and graceful with the collector decide rightly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In the former the collector should confine himself to a definite subject, whether portraits, historical landscapes, or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone. In almost every city or county a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings, almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so, before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do, unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the binder, cut out two or three leaves after every page filled with the clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used, the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mutilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's paste," is excellent.

Woman's Life in Dakota.

[Chicago Herald.]

A broad-shouldered, compactly built young woman with brown face and hard hands sat in the Lake Shore depot the other evening waiting for the departure of a train for the east. She had just arrived in town from Dakota.

"We don't waste any time in foolishness out our way," she said to a young man who seemed to be acquainted with her. "There is no love-making on my half section. It's nothing but No. 2 wheat from May to August. That's what we are out there for. Now, I own and manage a farm of 320 acres, and this year I took out a crop of eighteen bushels to the acre and sold it, got the cash, put it in the bank, discharged all my men but one, who will look after things this winter, and I'm off for a little fun down east. Marriage?" said she, in response to some remark by her companions; "that's what all the good-for-nothing cranks of men that I see from plowing time to harvest can talk about. What do I want to get married for? There are more than 300 of us girl farmers in Dakota, and we will hold a convention some time. I never saw a man yet that I would have around. I intend to farm it until I get enough money to live on comfortably, and then I'll see. I'm in the habit of doing about as I please. There was a nice young fellow in my neighborhood last July, who tried to be very gallant and wanted to help me whenever I did any work. If I chopped a little wood he wanted to do it. If I went after a nail of water he wanted to carry it. If I put a bag of grain on my shoulder he insisted on giving me a lift. He was a pretty nice boy, but he made me tired. One day I wanted the hay-rick on the wagon, and I took hold of one end and clapped it up on the wheel so quick that it made him dizzy.

"Let me," says he, but he only threw the whole thing down in trying to get the other end. He didn't have the strength.

"Says I, 'Oh, go away. You don't eat enough No. 2 wheat.' Then I put the rick up in good style.

"We meet lots of such fellows out there. They are good enough, I suppose, but when I want one I will send for him."

The Well-Dressed Woman.

[American Queen.]

The well-dressed woman again knows not only what to wear, but when to wear it. In the summer forenoon you will see her in the simplest of cottons, a dress absolutely plain and without ornament, without laces, fringes, decoration of any kind. In the winter at the same time she is equally plainly dressed in cloth. Later in the day she changes to smart, rich clothes for more ceremonious duties, visits, afternoon parties and teas—velvets and silks combined in winter, summer rich gauzes and costly laces. In the evening, for dinner or ball, the most choice and splendid masterpieces of the dress-maker's art are reserved; the richest stuff set off with the most elaborate embroideries and the rarest jewels. But withal, even in the latest gorgeous stage into which the modern chrysalis has developed, ostentatious display is scrupulously avoided.

The highest art is in concealing art; to use the richest materials in the simplest and most unassuming way. There is no heaviness, no overloading with ornament, no meaningless superadded decoration. The attire of a perfectly-dressed woman is original without eccentricity, personal to herself, yet following the latest fashion; attractive, yet undemonstrative—developing to the utmost her peculiar charms.

Women on Horseback.

According to DeBussigny's "Handbook," a lady should sit on a horse thus: "The head straight, easy turning upon the shoulders in any direction without involving a movement of the body. The eyes fixed straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, and always the direction in which he is going. The upper part of the body easy, flexible, and straight. The lower part of the body firm, without stiffness. The shoulders well back and on the same line. The arms falling naturally. The forearm bent. The wrists on a level with the elbows. The reins held in each hand. The fingers firmly closed, facing each other, with the thumbs extended on the ends of the lines. The right foot falling naturally on the pommel of the saddle, the left foot in the stirrup without leaning on it. The part of the right leg between the knee and the hip joint should be turned on its outer or right side, and should press throughout its length on the saddle. The knees should, in their respective positions, be continually in contact, without an exception. The lower or movable part of

the leg plays upon the immovable at the knee joint, the sole exception being when the rider rises to the trot, at which time the upper part of the leg leaves the saddle."

Before and After.

[New York Cor. Chicago Times.]

Who has not been acquainted here with amiable, genial, kind hearted, engaging bachelors, and been struck by the revolution they have undergone after passing into conjugal bliss? They are said to be fortunately married in everything except money; to be very fond of their wives, and the most devoted of fathers. There is no reason to believe otherwise. And yet they do not look the happiness supposed to be enshrined in their hearts. Their faces have deep lines, seldom smile; their opinions are cynical; their manners are morose. If all this be mentioned, their intimates will say that they have many cares; that they have a hard time to get on, but that their domestic relations are delightful. The deduction is that it is possible to be happy at home and appear wretched abroad, just as it is possible to be wretched at home and appear happy abroad. But calm outsiders, waiting for facts and arguments in favor of matrimony before embracing it, may well be discouraged by such appearances.

New York offers every year more and more inducements to celibates, both positive and negative. The expense of marriage and all that is associated with it, steadily and rapidly increases, forcing married men to send their families into the country, while they toil in town and go home when they may. Many make a daily journey to and fro of eighty and a hundred miles, and are so tired with perpetual travel added to their onerous duties, that they employ every leisure hour in seeking rest. They unquestionably enjoy their domesticity; they ought to, they have so little of it. To get up at sunrise, still sleepy; bolt their breakfast; hurry to the train; arrive at office or store; work hard every minute, their mind fixed all the while on the hour for return; dash off with a number of things undone; reach the station just in season to see the last car receding from view; feel unutterably profane; go back to attend to the unfinished task; meet a friend, leisurely, serene, contented, who smiles commiseratingly (he is an infatuated bachelor) set to work again; once more rush off, the job still incomplete, and leap on the train, already in motion, hot, out of temper, hurried to death, and devilishly domestic. To repeat this 324 times a year is the strongest evidence of family devotion; and yet it is not a wholly unalloyed satisfaction.

Miss Alcott's Reply.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Miss Louisa Alcott, being asked for advice by a young lady who desired to earn a living by literary work, replied: "I can only reply to yours as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell. If people want to take the stories, try something else. For a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be. Nurse, teacher, companion, housekeeper, seamstress or servant are all honest trades and worth trying while waiting for the more agreeable work. 'I tried them, and after grubbing for twenty years made a hit, seemingly by accident, but I could see how very hard experience had helped, every sacrifice enriched, and so believe heartily in that sort of training for us all. I do not know any one in Washington, and I think nothing better than the places women hold in public offices there. If your stories are good they will find a market; if they are not stop writing and try something else. The gift is born with us, and cannot be learned, as some think. Knowing nothing of you or your capabilities, it is impossible for me to advise or recommend except in the general way. 'Hope and keep busy' is my motto, for while one works despair cannot get the upper hand."

Painfully Near.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson in Weekly Magazine.]

The tidy housekeeper may be a jewel beyond price, or she may be, by an exaggeration of her tidiness an unmitigated nuisance. We have known such, whose continual struggle with the demons of dirt and disorder left its impress on the face. The features sharp and creased after dust and cobwebs, the brow was contracted into a stereotyped frown over "the total depravity of inanimate things," and the voice grew querulous from continual complaints of the carelessness of children and servants.

Even the guest felt hampered in such a presence; scarcely dared to touch the fly-bound volumes arranged with mathematical precision, or move the chairs which seemed steadfast in their moorings as the seats in an audience room; but stepped gingerly about, fearing to disarrange the furniture, or drapery, and was silently reproved when the tidy hostess stooped to pick up some stray ravelings from her work or return to its place the book she had just laid down. The husband of that wife did not praise her with any enthusiasm or her children "rise up and call her blessed," but were glad to escape from her perpetual restrictions into homes less painfully neat but where there was more freedom and comfort.

Congressman Kelley's Daughter.

[Exchange.]

Miss Florence Kelley, the daughter of Congressman W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who has been studying in Europe, is engaged to be married to a Russian. A correspondent says of her: "Miss Kelley, as a child, was a pet and favorite of Henry C. Cary, the American economist, and when she was 14 he remarked that he would rather discuss economics with her than with any specialist on the same subject he had ever known. Her father, naturally proud of her analytical mind and power of retention, has directed his daughter's education with a view to developing her ability, and gratifying her taste for the studies that few women have cared to grapple with. Since being graduated at Vassar, Miss Kelley has been for the most time abroad, traveling and pursuing the study of political economy at Zurich, though she found time to write a number of magazine articles and contributed a weekly letter to The Washington National Tribune.

Women Laborers.

According to the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics among the women laborers of that state are 106 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 bill posters, 9 commercial travelers, 3 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 sailors, 1 gun and locksmith, 75 bakers, 58 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 3 door-sash and blind makers, 13 masons, 1 painter, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock makers, 10 cabinet makers, 10 harness makers, 10 chisels, 4 blacksmiths, 385 printers, 3 stone cutters, 4 coopers, 295 laborers, and 5 engineers.

Paris' New Jewelry.

[American Queen.]

A new style of jewelry has become fashionable in Paris. The whole animal world has

been exhausted in furnishing birds, beasts and fishes to adorn hats and bouquets for the promenade. These have gradually diminished from the life-size crowing cock and pheasant to the wren sitting on her nest, and the field mouse peeping from her tiny abode on the top of a corn-stalk. Fashion now ordains that the brooches and ear-rings worn in full dress shall assume the most gigantic proportions. One of the most popular ornaments is now the elephant, which, of disproportionate dimensions, is used to clasp the new Dominican cloaks, to finish the corsage in evening dress, to clasp the zone of beauty, or dangle from the ears. The ugly ornament is to be seen in every variety of material, and flourishes on every occasion.

Aprons for the Children.

["Pauline" in The Housekeeper.]

The backs of cambric overalls and polo naises make serviceable aprons for the children, providing you let the machine do all the sewing and do not spend much time in trimming. Have a good fitting pattern, however, for the plainest garment. Much depends upon the shape and fit of the apron. One pattern, providing it is correct, will do duty in many ways. I cut aprons, dresses, cloaks and undergarments from a nice cloth pattern I have, varying them all to suit my taste.

Said a lady to me one day, referring to a neighbor's child who was at play with mine, "How dirty that little girl always looks." For reply I turned one of my own little girls toward her and asked if there was not one quite as dirty. "Well somehow" she answered, "your children never look dirty, even when they are." I divined the reason for the difference, for while the dress of my neighbor's child hung in folds and puckers, my little girl's plain gingham apron, soiled and torn from her play, fitted smoothly and shapely about her form.

Training of Children.

["Aunt Fannie" in London Letter.]

As soon as your little lass can prattle and run about teach her order, cleanliness, neatness and economy. The second you can commence almost at birth. Buy her some toys—dolls, a house and cradle, if possible—supply her with a place to put them in, nor suffer any member of the family to disturb or appropriate that place. As soon as she is tired of her playthings make her carefully dust and stow them away in their proper places. This will teach her order and punctuality. As she advances give her lessons in sewing and making garments for her dolls; also to make the curtains, carpets and upholstery for the chairs, sofas and ottomans, and arrange them properly, to keep the house clean and the doll's clothes also. By this you will lay the foundation of a good, sound, practical domestic education, and will soon discover all the elements of a well-ordered and regulated system pervading every action and movement of your little pupil.

Lemon for Malaria.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

At the International Medical Congress, in Copenhagen, Professor Crudeli, of Rome, read a paper on "Malaria and its Remedies." Acknowledging the great value of quinine and arsenic as preventive and curative, he said a cheaper, harmless, and yet effective remedy may be found in the ordinary lemon. He advised that a decoction of lemon be made as follows: Cut up one lemon, peel and all into thin slices, put into three glassfuls of water, and boil down to one glassful. Strain the liquid through a linen, squeezing thoroughly the remains of boiled lemon, and set it aside to cool. Drink the whole amount when fasting. As the decoction possesses cathartic properties, the dose should not be repeated too frequently, not more than once a day, or every other day, according to individual susceptibility.

Fashionable, but Uneducated.

[Julia Ward Howe.]

The reason why education is usually so poor among women of fashion is that it is not needed for the life which they elect to lead. With a good figure, good clothes and a handsome equipage; with a little reading of the daily newspapers and of the fashionable reviews and above all, with the happy task which often enables women to make a large display of very small requirements, the women of fashion may never feel the need of true education. We pity her, not the less, since she will never know its peace and delight.

The Best Dressed.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson.]

She is the best dressed woman whose dress is so harmonious in itself and so in harmony with her personal appearance and manners that while the details are unnoticed, the whole gives a strong and pleasing impression of her individuality—the dress seems a part of herself.

For the Hair.

[Courier Journal.]

When one has had a fever and the hair is falling off, take a tuncup of sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Squeeze the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

To Stop a Sneeze.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

When I feel inclined to sneeze I press my finger on my upper lip, directly under the nose, and press tightly. It always stops the sneeze, but a queer sensation passes over one while doing this.

The Home Grass-Plot.

Try and get a little green grass around your home. Nothing cures the ill mind so much as verdure. It is manifestly wrong and unnatural, too, to rear children on a playground made of stone flagging or Nicholson pavement.

Don't Fret.

[Mrs. C. F. Wilder in Christian Advocate.]

Above everything, don't fret. Don't fret. "The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping," says Solomon. I will add—and will be sure to wear out the love of the noblest.

For Musquitoes.

The Scientific American says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a musquito or any other blood-sucker will be found there in the morning.

Song and story, life and death, are so cruel to a woman.

Milk is the very best thing with which to clean oil-cloth.

When Buying Pictures.

[The Current.]

The Studio makes the following suggestion to those who wish to buy pictures: "Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated' or 'educated,' or how great an 'authority' he or she may be." This is somewhat startling, coming from a journal devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reasons therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then "try it by living with it;" if it be really good "it will help the purchaser to get something as good or it may be, better the next time." The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense.

REVOLUTIONISTS!

So Do the Russian "Nihilists" Call Themselves.

Their Work of Propagandism and the Sublime Courage with Which They Labor—Heroes, Here—
—AND THERE—

[Foreign Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Nihilists do not call themselves by that name. They call themselves revolutionists. Nihilism is a word invented by Tourgenieff, one of his novels to signify utter absence of belief, and the coin he minted having been current all the world over, Russian revolutionists are compelled in some measure to acknowledge it, but while acknowledging they protest. There was, I believe, once a class of pessimists in Russia who professed to have no faith whatever, but they were not militant revolutionists, of whom Tourgenieff knew little or nothing, for he was exiled before the movement began. I do not suppose the people we call nihilists are orthodox Christians, but the Slav races are religious and emotional by nature, and it is not in the nature of things that men should believe in nothing and die for a cause without believing in something immaterial and divine. Nihilism, in its present development, is essentially a religion—a religion which demands from its votaries an all-pervading faith and an unlimited capacity for self-sacrifice. A Nihilist who does not possess the constancy of a martyr and the courage of a hero is of no more use to a soldier in petticoats, armed with a broomstick.

The ordinary work of a Russian revolutionist is not, as some may suppose, making mines, fabricating dynamite and murdering police spies. Being the work of propagandism, it resembles in some respects the work of Christian missionaries in pagan times, or of Huguenot pastors after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The great hindrance to reform in Russia lies even more in the ignorance of the people than in the tyranny of the government. All the educated classes, except employees of the state, are either potential or actual revolutionists or, as we may say, reformers; but the masses, though terribly oppressed and taxed almost to death, are, as yet, ignorant of the source of their sufferings and the possibility of improvement. When things go wrong they lay the blame, not on the czar, upon whom they look, or rather have looked (for they are slowly waking up to a perception of the truth), as a sort of demi-god, but on his agent or representatives.

The real object of the Nihilists is to enlighten the masses, to show them that with political revolution there is no possibility of amendment, and convince them that the proudest of all blessings is freedom. Could the masses be won over to the cause the position of the government would be untenable, for if the peasantry, who are now the basis of his power, were to fail him, the czar would be forced to grant some sort of reform which must end in the establishment of representative institutions. Why the czar does not spontaneously concede reform is a question with which, as also with the motives and deeds of the terrorists, I shall deal in another letter.

As it is, the government not alone refuses to make concessions, but treats as a felon every man who ventures either to find fault with their proceedings or hint a doubt that the czar is not the best and wisest of earthly rulers. Public meetings are not allowed, the press is more than fettered—it is throttled—and open agitation is simply impossible. A youth of 19 has been hanged for posting a "revolutionary" placard on a wall, and a lad of 16 sent to Siberia because his brother was hanged for a political offense. It is hardly possible for the brother of a man who has been hanged to love his kinsman's executioners. He may develop into a dangerous character and it is well to have him out of the way. When Prince Krapotkin was in prison his brother, then an officer in the army, expressed, in a letter to a friend in London, the opinion that it was wrong "to keep Peter so long in confinement without trial." This letter was opened in the post-office and handed to the police, and the brother, of course without trial, was sent to Siberia, and he is there yet.

It is, therefore, evident that the revolutionary propaganda, as it is called, must be conducted in secret and with great circumspection. Those who take part in it assume an alias and go about incognito, become schoolmasters, learn the use of the hammer and chisel, and become blacksmiths and masons, drop a word in season and out of season, distribute revolutionary pamphlets, and when these apostles of revolution have made a few converts, hold classes and make speeches at secret meetings. At this work the women are as active and devoted as the men. I know of young girls of noble families, highly educated and brought up in luxury, who have got work at cotton factories, wrought fourteen and sixteen hours a day, gone about barefoot and lived on black bread in order that they might carry on the propaganda among the mill hands. And this is done not in the hope of praise or reward, but in the certainty of capture and death. Sooner or later they are sure to be denounced and arrested, and it is hardly possible for any young girl to survive the rigors and horrors of a Russian jail. Knowing what is before them, they deliberately run the risk and court their fate. These victims of despotism deserve well the epithet that has been bestowed upon them of heroes, heroines and martyrs of Russian liberty.

James Gordon Bennett.

[New York Letter.]

A really astonishing change has taken place in the appearance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who is just now the most popular man in Newport. He is asked everywhere, and his entertainments are attended by the most exclusive people of the place. The "young man"—who, by the way, is 44 years of age—has reformed. He does not touch wine or liquor in any form, and his appearance has improved tenfold. When Mr. Bennett left here a year ago his face was colorless, his shoulders bent, and his hair and mustache have become quite white, and his face has been bronzed by his steady life at sea. He is as erect as an athlete and seems to have regained his spirits.

What He Wanted.

[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

It is related of a jolly old retired sea captain who boards at one of the up town hotels, that returning from "a day at the shore," the landlord quickly suggested that one of the boys pilot him to his room. "Pilot?" said the mariner, as he crammed his hat on the back of his head and supporting himself against the counter regarded his host with a fixed stare: "pilot be blanked; what I want's a light-house!"

A Fond Wife's Fear.

[Albany Times.]

"Promise me, dear husband," said young Mrs. Newbrie, affectionately to Charles— "promise me never, in your darkest hours, ever to commit suicide. I am told it will vitiate your life-insurance."

FASHIONS IN DRINKING.

A Bartender Observes That They Change Like Other Fashions.

[New York Sun.]

The bartender of a popular downtown rendezvous leaned gracefully over the bar during the slack hours of business the other day, and discussed his customers to a reporter.

"I notice that men nowadays order exactly what they want," he said, toying gently with his blonde mustache. "Three or four or five years ago a man looked more or less ashamed of himself when he ordered lemonade or seltzer. His companions usually remonstrated with or made fun of him, and he generally offered some sort of a half apology to the bartender for ordering a non-intoxicating drink. This was particularly so with the young business men, clerks, and politicians. They ordered brandy smashes, plain brandy, whisky punches, plain whisky, or some other heavy drink. Of course one-half of them didn't want it. You can't stand behind the bar long before you find out that a fair percentage of the men who are led up to the bar to drink would rather have nothing at all than liquor of any sort. Very many men also have scruples against drinking hard liquor, and others find that it goes against their stomachs. Still the majority of them used to drink their whisky straight and say nothing. Why, when I first went into the business, fourteen years ago, we used to pass out the whisky bottle and glasses without asking the drinker what he would have. If he wanted anything else he would push back the glass and give his order. In those days if a party of young men went into a bar-room and ordered lemonade the bartender felt aggrieved and the bystanders made fun of them. Nowadays, however, everything is changed. No one thinks anything when two or three men of a group order lemonade, seltzer, or apollinaris at the bar. I have also noticed that men who drink heavy liquors in winter usually drop them in summer."

"A great change has taken place in the bar-rooms during the past five years?"

"Yes. The Simon-pure North American bar-room is rapidly going out of fashion in the best part of the town. Men no longer enjoy rushing into a room, dropping down a drink and hurrying out again. They have more time than they had ten or twenty years ago, and they wish to sit down quietly and chat with a friend while they drink. The cafe, with its comfortable tables and chairs, is what fetches the people now. You will find that in the big drinking places down town there is a place set aside where men can bide with comfort. These rooms are always filled."

"Have you as many regular drinkers as you had ten years ago?"

"Well, no, they are not as numerous as they formerly were. The man who came in for his cocktail every morning before breakfast or luncheon and the man who took four good drinks of whisky every day no longer exists to the extent they did ten years ago. The fact is, habitual drinking over the bar is not fashionable nowadays. Men drink more at dinner than they used to, and drink for the fun of the thing. But the wholesale absorption of liquor has gone out of style."

Mountain Air by the Cake.

[Chicago News "Fats and Shap's."]

A Colorado millionaire, who owns a chain of valuable mining properties in and around Leadville, came to Chicago lately upon a rather curious mission. He had invented during his leisure moments a curious machine, whereby air may be condensed and compressed. By an ingenious combination of certain chemicals and his electric tribo-meter, as he calls it, large volumes of air are compressed into small packages or cakes, closely resembling the cakes of compressed yeast in common use. These cakes of compressed air expand upon being exposed to the light and atmosphere, and in the course of half an hour an ounce cake of this curious composition will evaporate into 138,900 cubic feet of fresh air suitable for breathing.

The inventor intends to have a large machine manufactured by a company in this city after the model electric tribo-meter he brings with him. This machine he will transport to Colorado, where he will organize a joint stock corporation for the manufacture of compressed air. This will enable invalids to benefit by the clear mountain atmosphere of the Rocky mountains, although thousands of miles away. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, and all other hard-worked men will pay 10 cents per cake for this compressed air and be as much refreshed and reinvigorated by its evaporation as if they stood upon the very summit of Pike's peak. Fifty cents' worth of these wonderful cakes will supply an ordinary room with fresh, pure air for twelve hours; \$2 worth will be equivalent to a trip from Denver to Leadville and back. At a comparatively trifling cost, asthma, bronchitis, hay-fever, and consumption can be cured, and there will be no need of vacations when the invention becomes popularized.

Blowing Up a Glacier.

[London News.]

One of the youngest as well as one of the most beautiful glaciers in the country is that which gives birth to the river Rhone, and the grandest sight in connection with the Rhone glacier is the superb seracs, or pinnacles of ice, which prove a source of unending attraction to travelers by the Furka pass. As is well known, the second and third bends of the road almost hang over the glacier, and afford a wonderful view of the stupendous ice fall, which, descending from precipitous rocks, is broken and twisted into fantastic pyramids. The sight is certainly unique in that part of the Alps, but unless active steps are taken to stop the destruction now going on it will soon be so no longer.

It appears that some people have obtained permission—from whom it is not clear—to destroy these pinnacles by means of dynamite, in order that the huge blocks thus easily detached may be put on the St. Gothard railway, and so transported to Bale, where they are to be stored in immense wells for summer use. Should the destruction of the glacier be allowed to continue, the authorities will find to their cost that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the chief attraction of that desolate region is the superb ice pinnacles of the great glacier, and when they have disappeared travelers will turn their steps in other directions.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

[Exchange.]

At the Pont des Arts in Paris is a blind man, who carries a board around his neck with a sign: "Blind by birth and by accident." "See here, my good man," said a passer-by, "as you tell us how you happened to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?" "Easy enough," said the old man. "You see I'm blind by birth myself, and I've bought out a blind man who did business on the other side of the bridge. He was blind by accident."

A Neglected Grave.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Thaddeus Stevens' grave is grown over with noxious weeds, and neglect and decay are visible on every side about his tomb.

THE MESSENGER-BOY.

How They Manage to Make Money Outside Regular Wages.

Getting Commissions from Florists, Cigar and Wine Dealers, and Cabmen—Overcharging Countrymen and the Newly-Married.

[New York Times.]

"How much?" The speaker was a well-known lawyer, who sat with two friends in the cafe at Delmonico's the other evening. "Twenty cents, and you know it just as well as I do," answered the district messenger.

"Ain't you overcharging?" asked one of the party.

"No; we never overcharge regular customers. They know the rates, and if we did they'd report it to the company and we'd get bounced. Strangers and countrymen and newly-married couples we always size up and charge double rates. And then, besides, regulars always give us something. One of them gives me 10 cents extra every time; another one, he's a gambler on Twenty-eighth street, gives me according to his luck; sometimes as high as \$1.

"Then you make money outside of your wages?"

"Well, some of the boys do. And there's lots of ways of doing it. One way is commissions. We're sent out regular for cigars, bouquets, calls, carriages, and liquor. If we are sent to a certain place we don't get a commission usually; but if they just hand us a \$1 bill and say, 'Get me five cigars,' or 'Get me a cab,' then we have a chance. There's loads of business people who give a percentage. On cigars we get from 10 cents up; on flowers a good deal more. A swell gets mashed on a girl or an actress and sends her a bouquet. If he gives us a V, we get a dollar from the florist.

"Wines are very good, too. There's a dealer on Sixth avenue who has wine in plain bottles on ice all the time, and it costs \$2 a bottle, and he's got all kinds of labels. I got an order for a bottle of Pommery and \$4. I run around there, and he puts on a 'Pommery' label, and I make \$2. It ain't safe, though. I tried it once on a young fellow, and the next time I came there he kicked me down stairs, and swore I'd poisoned him.

"Then the cabbies are quite square, especially with corpses?"

"What's a corpse?"

"Why, it's a swell that's drunk. He'll pay the cabby almost anything he's asked. The cabbies give us a quarter for an order, and sometimes whacks us the next day. But the best blokes are mashed never use the post-office, but only us boys. We know 'em the moment we see 'em. They'll pay almost anything, and give us an extra besides. Then we make something on 'doubling up.'"

"What's that?"

"I get a call, and I find it will take twenty minutes. I go back to the office and report pay for a 'shorter.' I get a second call in a short while. When I come back to the first customer I charge for the whole time, and also get paid afterward by the second. That way I make the difference between what I paid for the 'shorter' and what I got for the whole thing. Then there's another kind of double. I get a 'shorter' here in Delmonico's, and then run across into the Brunswick and the Hoffman. Between the two I can catch another 'shorter,' and do both together. Then you see, I can charge full time to both, and don't have to put up at the office."

"A telegraph boy hasn't a very bad time, then?"

"Yes he does. One

The Bismarck Tribune.

Capital City Chaps.

Toinght the Governor's Guard ball will be the event at the armory.

C. R. Williams' new building on Third street will soon be entirely enclosed.

The Gen. Terry passed LeBoan yesterday at 1 p.m. on her way down river.

A number of the Dakota aborigines were in the city yesterday, paying their winter provisions.

Denny Hanniffa struck the pathetic on election day. He said: "There are but few of us left. Only one Denny, and a number of kids." He was referring to Burleigh county democracy.

Linda, the youngest daughter of Dr. Slaughter, who has been lying at the point of death for nearly four weeks with typhoid fever, is now thought to be out of danger.

The bulletin announcing that Blaine was dying was the one which shook the American continent with fear and awful suspense yesterday, and in Bismarck the excitement was intense.

Yesterday morning democracy yelled aloud in a freak of delight; Last evening their voice was most carefully held.

For their hopes were with Gilderoy's kite.

Pioneer Press: News was received yesterday at department headquarters at Fort Snelling that the authorities at the war department have determined to appoint Capt. S. B. Blunt, of the department of Dakota as chief ordnance officer nearly four years, and the selection is a deserved recognition of his efficiency and zeal. He is at present in Washington, and is expected home tomorrow to arrange for the transfer to his new station. His office will be at the headquarters of the army in Washington.

Personal.

H. E. McGinness, of St. Paul, is in the city.

J. Smith, of Brainerd, is registered at the Sheridan.

S. B. Bechtoll, of Chicago, is stopping at the Sheridan.

S. Mills, of Valley City, visited Bismarck yesterday.

T. W. Spear, of Casselton, arrived in the city yesterday.

R. P. Dey, of Chicago, arrived in the metropolis yesterday.

Peter Lamel left yesterday for his home at Green Bay, Wisconsin, to reside.

County Surveyor Geo. W. Lilly, of McIntosh county, arrived in the city yesterday.

C. H. Clague left for Cleveland, Ohio, yesterday, having received a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of his mother. He expects to be absent about a month.

We have no hesitation in recommending the "Garland Stoves and Ranges." Their high reputation for durability, economy of fuel, convenience and artist finish stamps them as the best in the world. In the constant aim of the manufacturer to make the very best stove that can be produced. They are unrivaled.

Another Indian School.

The Pierre Press says: It may not be generally known, but it is expected to have an Indian training school established shortly on a portion of Pierre University grounds. A committee composed of gentlemen deeply and specially interested in the work among the Indians, two of the committee belonging in Montana, recommended that the proposed institution be put in the hands of the trustees of Pierre University, and the synd of Dakota endorsed the report. The plan is to give the Indians their elementary training in that school necessary to enter the lower preparatory class in the college and then admit them fully into the main institution. It is believed that no difficulty will be experienced either in securing a good building for that special purpose, or funds to maintain the teachers necessary. The Indian ministers belonging to the Presbyterian church connected with the synd of Dakota and their reports of church work was one of the most interesting features of the meeting of that body at Huron two weeks ago.

Mastering the Veterans

The G. A. R. post of this city will be mustered next Thursday evening the 13th inst. All who have not already done so, and desire to become members, are requested to send in their names before or at that time, or to be present on the evening of muster. The following is a list of the names already enrolled:

Val. Schrock, Wm. Gleason, E. R. Corey, J. M. Reed, E. R. Brown, Arthur Lynn, W. H. Mercer, D. O. Preston, John Quilan, John E. Richards, John Little, Wm. Woods, F. J. Call, Robt. Mason, S. G. Magill, J. F. Wallace, E. M. Fuller, Jos. Hare, W. D. Smith, Michael Lane, John Conway, Thomas Welsch, O. W. Bennett, E. R. Corey, Wm. Thompson, C. S. Goff, C. A. Lounsbury, W. S. Moorhouse, Thos. McGowan, O. E. Southward, Dennis H. Griffin, Sidney H. Nichols, J. W. Raymond, G. S. Weaver, S. G. Smith, Alex. Hughes, Dr. Bentley, Robt. Macraider, H. P. Bone, T. J. Lilly, John Dolan, L. N. Griffin.

The Champion

Mr. Fred Leabont is as fine a skater as ever glided on the rollers in the capital city. A large audience witnessed his splendid exhibition at the atheneum last evening, and the entertainment was especially enjoyed by the skaters of the city. Mr. Leabont is the acknowledged champion of Michigan and he is well worthy the title. He has become a resident of Dakota, having established a rink in Devils Lake where he is now managing. The managers of the rink deserve a compliment for having secured so deserving an attraction. He goes from here to Mandan.

An Interesting Trip

A Tribune representative returned yesterday from a journey south along the river back as far as the new town of Winona, opposite Fort Yates. It is a delightful journey. Starting from Bismarck at sunrise the traveler rides over the beautiful prairie south of the city until he reaches the winding waters of fair Apple creek, where the splash of the kingfisher and the musical bob of the bobolink remind him of the poetical shady nook and sylvan grandeur. On Wednesday morning the first object of interest met with, was at Apple creek, where a tramp was found asleep with no covering save an overcoat, which he had thrown loosely over him. He was snoring soundly, and it was a ridiculous sight to see a man on a frosty morning reclining beneath the little clump of cottonwoods as if seeking their cooling shade on a sultry day. On inquiry it was discovered that the individual

had just returned from the Coeur d'Alene mines. His name was John Ward, and the marks of a departed respectability were perceptible in his intelligent face and gentlemanly address. He very thankfully accepted a portion of the luncheon of the journalistic tourist, and said he would proceed to Bismarck where he would take a freight train for his home in Illinois. About fifteen miles southeast a prairie fire was encountered and the team accompanied around in a circle, running into an unoccupied shack which was ablaze, and which soon disappeared into ashes. Twenty miles down the river the party of prospectors and miners who arrived in the city several days ago, and who are en route to New Orleans, were met with. They had landed and were preparing a late dinner. The boys, whose names were given in the Tribune as Geo. Chapman, Geo. L. Wales, Charles Pillar, A. Corrigan, W. Scoville and L. K. Butler, were in the best of spirits and expected to get to New Orleans in safety. They had encountered but one snag and got away from it without injury. They said they would exhibit the boat at the New Orleans exposition. Aside from these episodes the journey was made pleasant and interesting by the beautiful scenery of the Missouri river, and the hundreds of stacks of wheat and hay, and numerous comfortable, cozy farm houses, all indicating prosperity and happiness. Traveling through Emmons county a number of the farmers of that rich domain were conversed with and all spoke words of encouragement and cheer. At Williamsport the denizens of the metropolis were jubilant over their victory in the county seat contest, and many were the smiles. Arriving at Winona, a beautiful townsite was found on the east bank of the Missouri, opposite Fort Yates, with a number of neat, new buildings surrounded by a magnificent country which is being settled by an intelligent, thrifty class of people. The journey is one fraught with interesting episodes and encouraging surroundings, bringing as it does the grandeur and wealth of Dakota's free homes fully to view.

Will They Ever Tumble?

Will they ever tumble? Sometime, perhaps; maybe never. Tuesday was an eventful period for the "Reform" association of Bismarck. Early in the morning Jimmy Emmons got him from his slumbers and betook him to his office in the lumber district of east Main street armed with a bundle of kindling wood with which to remove the chills of the morn from the sacred center of reform. Jimmy is a man of deep meditation and oft in his wandering walk his head is bent forward, his eyes gaze intently at a given point a few feet and several inches ahead of the point marked by the toe of his boot. This was the attitude yesterday morning as he meandered slowly to his office. But he kept on walking until he had seen every board in the lumber yards, and found himself in the midst of the unfenced prairie. Then he betook him to the carrying the kindling and he sat him down to rest. Still he thought he must be dreaming. He pinched himself, squealed, spoke a few short words in Sioux and started back in search of the "aboriginal" print over which he holds the justice sharpened point of the "reform" quill. After looking under all the boards and turning over the loose blocks of timber, he was about to abandon all hope of finding the office, when he stumbled against a pile of tumble weeds. Now did his eyes strike fire and snap, the kindling fell to the ground and the eminent reformer exclaimed Eureka! It was a ridiculous—a humorous sight. After wading through tumble weeds several feet he touched the side of his shack, and said unto himself "verily, verily, these are tumble weeds," and then he tumbled over to weep. All that was to be seen of the office was the little brick chimney which protruded from the weeds. Will they ever tumble?

Mercer County Complications.

The Mandan Pioneer of the 5th inst. says: A temporary injunction was obtained on Monday before Judge Francis, at Bismarck, by Messrs. Mitchell and McGindley, acting for Peter Causey, against the county commissioners and county officers of Mercer county from counting the votes of Tuesday's election, and from declaring the county seat. On Saturday the case will be heard further and the defendants will be called upon to show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent.

The grounds on which the temporary injunction was obtained are briefly stated as follows:

The law provides that a petition praying the governor of the territory to organize a county and appoint commissioners must bear the names of at least fifty legal voters. The plaintiff claims that the petition presented to Governor Ordway in November, 1883, did not bear that number of legal voters, residing in that county, and that consequently said appointment of commissioners was not legal.

Then, again, one of the three men appointed to serve as a commissioner by Governor Ordway—Mr. Hawley—was a resident of Wisconsin at the time, and not a resident of Mercer county. In August, 1884, the three commissioners proceeded to appoint county officers, and these officers are made parties to the suit.

Then, again, the plaintiff claims that according to the law, as it at present stands, commissioners shall be elected by districts. Only two precincts have been voted in and only two have been advertised. Thus a compliance with the law in this regard is claimed to be impossible.

The injunction enjoins the county officers from counting the votes and sending an abstract to the secretary of state; also it enjoins them from advertising or declaring any place to be the county seat as the result of this election.

Deputy Sheriff Schallert, of Morton county, has gone to Stanton to serve the injunction on the county officers. The result of next Saturday's proceedings will be awaited with great interest.

The First Sleigh Ride.

There might be some pleasure in writing up a sleigh ride; indeed, there might be some pleasure in the ride—but for one fact—one obstacle; an obstacle which is enough to cause an angel's sacred tears to fall, and bring a fervent cowboy prayer to the lips of the most sanctified. The writer started out last night to see the first sleighing party of the season. The bells were jingling their merriest song, the horses pranced proudly along, the occupants of the gliding vehicle were a-siles of the brightest hues, every thing was propitious for a good, long, dashing description of the first sleigh ride of the season, when a cloud of terror spread over the Tribune office and the bright prospects were erased forever.

ever. Gentle voices were heard. Gentle, is it every voice sounded like the roar of an approaching cyclone—the rattle of drums in the front office and on the sidewalks sounded like the seething and whirling of a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and a cold chill traveled, noiselessly up at a down the spinal column of every member of the staff. A solid phalanx of females, young, old, handsome and otherwise, extending, as near as could be ascertained, from the office to Capitol Hill, surged against the doors and windows, each holding aloft a piece of paper labeled "Beautiful Snow." The electric life preserver was touched by the devil at the rear of the office; all lights were instantly extinguished; some one had presence of mind enough to yell "Mic!" and a calamity was averted.

The Election.

Yesterday's election in the city and county passed off quietly—for a presidential year. As soon as the polls were opened the voters began to crowd around the court house and green houses, where the judges presided over the sacredness of the little box, and notaries were busy ticketing the freemen for the fray. Early in the day it was evident that Alexander McKenzie and the entire People's Ticket would poll nearly the entire vote of the city, and reports from the country were of a similar color. The scenes of the day in the city were not as exciting as many had predicted, owing, perhaps, to the one-sidedness of the contest. Everybody was hurrying for McKenzie and the People's Ticket, and the enthusiasm followed the great leader wherever he went. At the court house a few lively incidents broke the monotony of regular voting, among which the arrest of two gentlemen of color for repeating, and a battle of words between a rustler for the reform ticket and a roustabout from the river ward.

In the evening the Garfield Light Guard band, followed by a procession of jubilant men, marched about the city in honor of the victory of the successful candidates, stopping to play for the crowds who gathered to read the bulletins which were displayed at various places.

The total number of votes polled was about 1,400.

THE VOTE IN THE CITY.

The following is the vote of the city as cast for the various candidates:

Total number of votes in the city—792.

PRECINCT 1, DISTRICT 1.

Total vote cast, 620.

Delegate—Gifford 508; Wilson 116.

Council—Niekus 587; Richardson 534; Bel-lows 31; Jones 79.

Representatives—Coe 539; Williams 615; Steele 507; Stevens 434; Goodrich 81; Smith 191; Vallandigham 82.

Sheriff—McKenzie 500; Lounsbury 117.

Treasurer—Bell 399; Bragg 208.

Register—Richards 463; McLean 143.

Clerk of Court—Corey 415.

Probate Judge—Little 453; Gray 154.

Attorney—Stoyell 403; Holmbeck 205.

Superintendent of Schools—Winchester 615.

Assessor—Bowen 448; Yegen 169.

Surveyor—Heinz 608.

Comer—Corson 403; Wheeler 208.

Justices—Hare 412; Correll 84.

Constables—McCue 401; O'Hearn 69.

Commissioner—Mellon 470; Waller 105.

PRECINCT 1, DISTRICT 2. (Greenhouse).

Total vote cast 172.

Delegate—Gifford, 144; Wilson, 25.

Council—Niekus, 146; Richardson, 144; Bel-lows, 23; Jones, 26.

Representatives—Coe, 148; Steele, 137; Stev, 128; Williams, 167; Goodrich, 25; Smith, 41; Vallandigham, 23.

Sheriff—McKenzie, 120; Lounsbury, 48.

Treasurer—Bell, 109; Bragg, 59; Clausen, 1.

Register—Richards, 36; McLean, 59.

Clerk of court—Corey, 96.

Probate judge—Little, 104; Gray, 66.

Attorney—Holmbeck, 30; Stoyell, 87.

Superintendent of schools—Winchester, 169.

Justices—Rosa, 53; Lambert, 65; Correll, 12.

Surveyor—Heinz, 166.

Commissioner—Fuller, 46; Waller, 11; Mel-lon, 14.

Constable—Francis, 45; O'Hearn, 11; Hanna-in, 1; Stewart, 70.

Assessor—Yegen, 57; Bowen, 112.

Comer—Wheeler, 70; Corson, 99; Maratta, 1.

PARTIAL RETURNS FROM OUTSIDE PRECINCTS.

Precinct No. 2, District No. 1—(Beal) Mc-Kenzie, 52.

Precinct No. 3, District No. 1—(Fields) Mc-Kenzie, 30; Lounsbury, 2.

Precinct No. 5, District No. 1—(Hinckley) McKenzie, 26; Lounsbury, 2.

Precinct No. 1, District No. 2—(Greenhouse) McKenzie, 120; Lounsbury, 48.

Precinct No. 2, District No. 2—(Follock) McKenzie, 14; Lounsbury, 4.

Precinct No. 3, District No. 2—(Wallace) McKenzie, 11; Lounsbury, 11.

Precinct No. 4, District No. 2—(Little) McKenzie, 26; Lounsbury, none.

Precinct No. 5, District No. 2—(Menoken) McKenzie, 37; Lounsbury, 6.

Precinct No. 7, District No. 2—(Crav) McKenzie, 13; Lounsbury, 13.

THE DEMOCRATIC DISPLAY.

John E. Wilson, the democratic candidate for delegate to congress arrived in the city Sunday afternoon and was entertained in the evening by the leading democrats of the city. Yesterday morning Mr. Wilson met many of the citizens of Bismarck all of whom spoke in the highest terms of his personal qualities. The democratic standard bearer is a young man, tall, and slender, of good address and pleasing manner. The managers (?) of the democratic campaign in this section decided that Mr. Wilson could do more good for the cause by speaking in Mandan than by spending his strength in Bismarck, and he went to the west Missouri metropolis on yesterday noon's train, speaking there yesterday afternoon. But the boys in the capital city were not content with a mere visit and insisted on their candidate making a speech as the train went east last evening. They also wanted to warm the democratic blood in the city and to that end engaged the Garfield Light Guard band to parade the streets, and although nobody knew what the dog gasted noise was all about, they knew that it was getting forth into the ambient air, and it was good.

AT THE RINK.

At 2 o'clock p.m. the band marched to the rink and Jimmy Emmons announced to six men, several boys and the musicians that Mr. Wilson would speak at the depot upon the arrival of the train from the west. Mr. Emmons took occasion to deliver a very bitter criticism on the action of the democracy of the city in not making a better showing, and paying more respect to their candidate, and predicted that

they would regret their thargy. From the rink the band marched down the street to Third, north on Third to Main, east on Main to Fourth, where they serenaded Sam J. May and the entire Chinese laundry force, for the purpose, it is believed, of catching the olive-oiled celestial vote.

AT THE DEPOT.

When the train arrived the band played one of the favorite selections, at the close of which Mr. Emmons introduced the candidate, who delivered a very nicely worded little speech in which he said that he believed as sincerely as he believed that he was standing on the depot platform, that Grover Cleveland would be elected to the presidency today. This was the signal for the first demonstration of enthusiasm and several who were democrats mustered courage enough to cheer. Mr. Williams closed by thanking the audience and citizens of Bismarck for their kind reception, urged his fellow democrats to stand by the principles and cast their votes for the democratic candidates, and the train sailed out under the lively musical variations of Yankee Doodle.

The fact of the matter is, Mr. Wilson was not given a genuine Bismarck reception, and many of the leading democrats have asked the Tribune to express their regrets.

Well Re-Warded.

The residence of L. N. Griffin was the scene of a very pleasant wedding last Saturday the fortunate parties being Mr. John W. Ward and Miss Fannie Lindsey, Rev. P. Clark, of the M. E. Church, officiating, at 8 o'clock. A number of the friends of the contracting parties had gathered to witness the wedding and confer their congratulations and kindest wishes on the happy pair, and they stood supported by Miss Belle Hanson, bridesmaid, and Henry Elder, groomsmen, while Rev. Clark pronounced the words which made them one. As they arose from their seats the bride was presented with a very handsome bouquet, the delicate beauty of which was in keeping with the sweet modesty of the holder. The groom—well, he is always gallant, and he went through the ceremony like a major general on dress parade. After the couple had been united, a very elaborate lunch, consisting of the choicest meats, fruits, and wines, was served to the guests, and all joined in a merry season of congratulations and social chat. A number of very handsome presents were sent in by friends among them an elegant silver set and parlor settee by Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Griffin; bird and cage by Miss Alvina Griffin; table set by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Griffin; hand some large wedding cake by Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Clarke; table spread, napkins, etc., by Henry Eldridge. Mr. T. W. Griffin made another very seasonable gift yesterday afternoon, by sending a large load of potatoes to the future home of the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ward have both lived in Bismarck a number of years and will continue their residence among their capital city friends and well-wishers.

A Bad Row.

Mr. Charles O'Mahar, who has been living on a claim in the north part of the county for several months, came to the city Tuesday and reported a very bitter and almost fatal fight between two laborers who stopped with him at his shack Monday night. The names of the men as given him are John Waine and C. N. Watts. These men said they had been to the Little Rockies, where they dropped all the money they had, and having come down a number of miles were fatigued and exhausted, and wanted a place to stay. Mr. O'Mahar extended the hospitalities of the shack and they stopped with him during the night. Yesterday morning he was awakened by a noise, and arising, discovered that his guests were engaged in a bitter fight, Watts having Waine down on the floor, pounding him without mercy. Mr. O'Mahar sprang to the floor and tried to separate the men when Watts struck him in the face, telling him to attend to his own affairs. It was several minutes before the brutal fellow's assault could be checked, and then he struggled to resume. The cause of the fight was a matter of long standing, which neither would divulge, and although they had been evidently traveling together for some time, they had not buried the jealousies and secret hatreds which led to the fight. Waine was so badly whipped that he could hardly stand, and it was several hours before he felt strong enough to walk. O'Mahar pleaded with the pummeled man not to continue the journey in company with Watts, but, strange to say, Waine insisted on going, exposing an empty whisky bottle, saying, "this is the cause of the trouble, John is a good fellow when he's sober." Mr. O'Mahar believes that the men are of bad character, and at first was of the opinion that they belonged to the gang of horse thieves who have infested the upper country for some time. Waine is a short, heavy set man, dark complexioned, with side whiskers and a scar over his left eye. Watts is slender, light complexioned, with moustache and chin whiskers. They left O'Mahar's yesterday morning and are on their way south.

Battle of the Base Ball Bat.

A very serious and disgraceful Sunday night scene was that which attracted a crowd to the corner of Main and Second streets Sunday evening. It was the meeting of Mr. T. W. Collins and P. E. Smith in battle array, and great was the amount of blood spilt therein. How the quarrel started, what were the causes that led to it and whether the blame should be placed upon one shoulder or divided, is a problem difficult to solve. But there is one fact which works great damage to Mr. Smith, and leads the public to believe that he is to blame and that is his uncontrollable temper and harsh means of warfare. Pat always fights to win regardless of consequences. One thing is certain, Mr. Collins, who is known to be one of the most peaceable of citizens, now lies in his bedroom at the Banner house in a badly bruised and mangled condition. The stories of Mr. Collins and Mr. Smith differ somewhat.

MR. COLLINS' STORY.

A Tribune representative called on Mr. Collins Monday morning and found him with his head and fingers bandaged and barely able to converse. He has ugly wounds on the forehead, nose, under lip and chin, and his teeth were knocked loose, while a piece of the jaw bone was taken out by the doctor. Mr. Collins said that the trouble started in a conversation about a young man named Gebhard, an account against whom had been placed in Mr. Collins hands for collection. Gebhard was a friend of Smith's. There was some difference of opinion in the settlement, and Sunday evening Smith stopped Collins, addressing him in an insulting manner. Mr. Collins admitted that in a fit of anger aroused by the gross insults heaped upon

him he raised an iron bootjack, but says he did not strike Smith with it. At this Smith started for him, rushing into his office, coming out with a base ball club, with which he knocked Collins down. The first blow dealt by Smith struck Mr. Collins' stiff hat just over the forehead, demolishing the hat, and leaving wounds on the forehead and nose. The blow caused Mr. Collins' fall insensibly to the ground, striking his chin on the sidewalk with such force as to cut a large gash in his chin and lower lip, and loosened a number of teeth.

MR. SMITH'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Smith was found at the Sheridan House and the following interview ensued:

Rep.—Mr. Smith, what was the cause of the trouble between you and Mr. Collins Sunday evening?

Smith—Oh, nothing much. I simply asked him about a certain case and he would give me no civil answer, telling me that if I wished to find the true ownership of the case I could do so through the channels of the law. "The law" what do you know about law, you old cow," said I. "Do you mean to insult me," said he; "it's in the pasture with sheep ye ought to be," said I. At that he struck me with an iron boot jack and I gave it to him with the ball club.

Here Mr. Smith showed a large wound on the top of his head which he said was inflicted by the iron bootjack in the hands of Mr. Collins. These are the stories as told by the participants in what came very near being a bloody tragedy. Mr. Collins is in a very painful condition, but there is not, as was first thought, anything fatal in his wounds. It is believed that Mr. Smith will be arrested and made to answer to the charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill or do great bodily harm.

Meeting of the Reform Association.

There were three soft, measured raps on the door. A hoarse whisper from within said "who comes there?" "An honorable member of the Burleigh county reform association—one of the framers of the Citizens' Reform Ticket, now known by the euphonious title of 'Independent Citizens' was his answer. This was sufficient. The inside guard opened the door and thrusting a dark lantern before the face of the candidate for admittance, gave him a scrutinizing stare, said "all's well," grabbed him by the coat collar, hurried him in among the vacant seats and locked the door.

The reporter had secured a safe hiding place where he might get a full report of the proceedings and listen to the burning apostrophes of the reformers. As the door would open he could see within and read the mottoes, which were profane.

Just over the door were the words in letters of crimson hue, "Down with McKenzie!" a little further in the room, and suspended from the ceiling, was "The Capitol is a Ghost." While on the opposite wall was the following significant inscription: "Progress must come, or we are crushed—We'll grasp the helm or stop the wheels." On the wall were large life-sized portraits of Belva Lockwood, Dr. Mary Walker, George Francis Train, Oscar Wilde and other eminent reformers, and the room had a general air of freshness which proved the absence of the vulgar throng. 'Twas eight o'clock, and the chairman brought the gavel down on an empty chair box, calling the convention to order in a speech which held the closest attention and study of the hearers—and then they even took large chunks of it home to ponder over and unravel. The president of the association is Mr. W. E. Wright, and in calling the meeting to order he said: "Fellow propagators of ascending truth [excuse the vulgar phrase, 'truth'] we have congregated as a band of champions brave [applause] in this Mediterranean megapolis, [cheers] careased by the ultramontane saphyrs which are ever waited in the transcendancy of the transitory atmospherical combinations of northwestern existence. [Silence and awe.] We want. We desire! [More applause.] We demand! [Painful suspense while the speaker drinks.] Here, gentlemen; here, where the aurora bore alis brilliancy oft illumines the solemn cathedral of frowning night [applause—Col. Lounsbury smashes the desk with a stove poker.] Here, I say, in this locality, with these conditions and environments we demand the total and instantaneous evaporation of the circularly inclined political enigma commonly called a ring. [Jimmy Emmons, cheers and faints.] The members, the component factors of this ring have, during the past, injured us—a r-o-n-g-e-d us, taxpayers, and now we must make them lose their damnable grip—Dammun, abasque injuria—

Jimmy Emmons (recovering)—Yes, dammun; they can't abasquitate or injure us longer. Major Fonda—Mr. Emmons, if you don't stop your interruptions I will ab-squ-et on you!

Colonel Lounsbury—Peace, brethren, peace. During the interruption in the speech, L. O. Wilson continued to applaud with a barrel stove, wholly unconscious of what was happening. Wright—Gentlemen, we have among us a person of stately mien, and mustadontio proportions, who, by the way, has consulted the modern sibyls on questions of importance grave, and he it is who can assume the paternity of our ticket, and he, gentlemen, is one of the few who have resided in the Missouri inclination of the surface for many years without gathering corruption; for which, Gloria Patri—

Jimmy Emmons—Yes, hurrah for Patrick—I'm a dynamiter myself. (Here another scene of confusion ensued), after which the chairman announced that the meeting was ready for business, and Jimmy insisted on speaking. Gents: How!—Excuse me, (then he laughed—did you ever see Jimmy laugh?) I can't talk much English, but I'm a dandy on Indian. (Applause by Major Fonda.) Chi, cooley, chi, who wa-nannie-ah-shik. (Roars of thunderous laughter.) Oh, I'm a daisy on the aboriginal question. My motto is, "Down with the Ring." Now I could tell you my opinions on Indian in a manner more proper, but I see I must come down to a level with my audience. Look at this town, gentlemen, look at it! (Applause.) Look at me! (Cheers and waving of hats) Two years ago I was a proud and generous boomer, I had dead loads of chink, put up magnificent mansions. (Applause) Today I can't get my hair out. (Sobs.) But I choke for language. Oh, that I could ring in my Indian snap on you! (Here Colonel Lounsbury pulled the speaker's coat tail and with a point shook his head.) Oh, yes. There is a point I wish to make right here for the sake of harmony. One favorite name shall forever be stricken from my Sioux lexicon, and that is,

"Shot-in-the-lump." (Three cheers proposed by C. A. Lounsbury.) I have forgotten the phrase forever. I got a good word the other day, I sent to Standing Rock for it, through the Tribune's telephone—"Tezz," meaning gall. Major Fonda—Your "tezz" us too gold-darn much now. (The major was stricken simultaneously, by four different chairs.) Jimmy said that as he was for harmony, he would leave the floor to Colonel Lounsbury. The colonel arose and said:

Beloved ones—I started into this kind of a deal two years ago and won. (Applause) I will win again. As you see by the Journal I believe in the office seeking the man instead of the man the office. (Applause.) Did you ever know me to seek an office? (Silence.) Never! N-e-v-e-r! I was in the union army (Cheers). I fought, I bled; all for my country. Did I ask for office? Nay True, I am post-master; but did I ask for it? Nixie, no. Knowing my admirable qualifications, congress and the president implored of me to accept the appointment. My name was mentioned for the governorship last winter. Do you for a moment think that I stooped to ask for the appointment. Ten thousand times nay! (Applause.) I might have taken the place as